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## WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS.



BY

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FROM the day when Eve first came before Adam, 'a woman fair and graceful spouse,' down to the present time in which we live, woman has been both the blessing and the curse of mankind. She has been the cause of strife and ruin, of misery and bloodshed among nations, and in domestic life has not unfrequently been the discordant and jarring element. Yet she is also the very type and embodiment of all grace and virtue, the source and centre of peace and reconciliation, the one gracious influence which softens and humanizes mankind, reconciling the contradictions of opposing wills and natures and bringing them into harmony by her healing presence. Poets have never ceased to sing her praises, and these songs have been among their best and happiest efforts. She has been their inspiration, awakening in them all their chivalry and love of the beautiful and pure. They who have, like Scott, spoken of her as capricious, have, like him, almost in the same breath laid at her feet the just tribute of their praise.

'O woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou!'

There is no heart so dead to all good influence that is not touched by the exhibition of a woman's unselfish, undying love, which is ever ready to requite evil with good, and to forget the wrong that has been done in her desire to win back the affection that has strayed. She calmly waits her opportunity, 'hoping against hope,' and praying that it may come, and with a wondrous patience and winning grace welcomes the first indications of a return, and goes forth clad in robes of purity, forgiveness, and love to meet the wanderer and aid or hasten his faltering steps. There is no sight more beautiful than that of a woman's inexhaustible tenderness,

continually prompting her to give that ready sympathy which

'Angel hearts bestow

Who look for no return.'

Far back in our lives we can trace the hallowing influence of a woman's presence, the footprints of which have not yet been trodden out by time. The watchfulness of a mother's love, her unselfish care, her ready ear, and quick response to our childish griefs, have left an impression which nothing can efface, and which puts us in good-humour with all womankind. The memory of unnumbered blessings that have sprung from her gathers round us even in advanced life, when all feeling of romance has long since died away, and the very name of woman awakens in us feelings of reverent affection. Mrs. Norton's beautiful lines addressed to the Duchess of Sutherland are applicable to women generally.

'Like a white swan down a troubled stream,  
Whose ruffling pinions hath the power to fling  
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam  
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing,  
So (she) with queenly grace and gentle pride  
Along the world's dark waves in purity doth glide.'

But leaving for a moment this sentimental but just view of woman-kind, we will beguile ourselves with the consideration of some of those peculiarities which are exhibited in certain specimens of the fair sex. There is nothing more true than the old adage that 'all is not gold that glitters;' and it may be said with equal truth that all women are not fair. There are exceptions to every rule, and if we amuse ourselves for a time at the expense of those exceptional cases, we trust that we have already sufficiently guarded against the possibility of our being charged with insensibility to the power of woman's charms of mind and person.

Nature is full of exceptions to its ordinary rules, and incongruities and eccentricities are to be found in the very midst of its most beautiful works. It is therefore no reproach to the fair sex to say that some women have peculiar ways which would fairly puzzle the man who

had not been more or less acclimatized to them. 'Woman's at best a contradiction still,' says Pope; and certainly no angler was ever more at a loss among the slippery and finny tribe than man is among wayward, capricious, and *inconsequente* women. It is next to impossible to know how to take them. That which pleases to-day is an offence to-morrow. Their moods are so variable that no one can be certain of them for two hours together. *Exigénce* and capricious, the disproportion of their demands is only to be equalled by the unaccountable fitfulness with which they change; and any one who has burnt his fingers in the vain endeavour to meet and satisfy their wishes, soon learns, in the painful process, to wait with calm indifference for the passing away of their ever-varying moods.

There are women who have a marvellous faculty for skimming rapidly over the surface of things, reminding one of the swallow as he sometimes skims over the water in search of food, dipping here and there in his rapid flight. It is as breathless and fatiguing to follow them in their conversation as to pursue a squirrel as he leaps with wonderful agility from tree to tree. No sooner do you imagine that you have caught their meaning, and are going to enjoy a little conversation that can boast of some consecutiveness, than you are obliged, by a powerful wrench or intellectual sleight of hand, which recalls the feats of acrobats and jugglers, to divert your thoughts suddenly into a totally different channel, wholly unconnected with anything that has gone before, till you are led through mazes of which a volatile woman alone is capable. Overpowered with the exertions of the chase, you give up, simply exhausted by the process, without any clear or distinct idea on any one subject. This exercise is frequently accompanied by a considerable amount of vivacity and *naïveté*, which imparts a raciness to the entertainment, which would otherwise be only unbearable. Shouts of laughter succeed one another as you find yourself

engaged in a kind of steeplechase, or in an intellectual version of the old-fashioned game of 'hunt the slipper,' only with this difference, that the slipper is rarely the same for two minutes together. Or it may be that the transitions are too rapid for the completion of any sentence calculated to explain the idea which, for the moment, has possession of the mind; and while you strain every faculty you have in order to gain some insight into the meaning of what is said, you are abruptly asked, in the middle of half-uttered, half-expressed, incoherent and broken sentences, whether you do not understand. If it were not for the arch good-humour with which the question is put, you would feel disposed to resent such an off-handed way of disposing of conversation. And, after all, what is it you are supposed to understand? ideas not expressed; thoughts not shaped into words. Fairly puzzled, yet unwilling to own your defeat, or too courteous to insinuate the utter incomprehensibility of your fair friend, you either try to catch at some meaning as well as you can, or content yourself with giving a vague kind of answer that may mean anything or nothing, or endeavour to shelve the whole matter by an affirmative which, if not strictly in accordance with the truth, seems the only loophole of escape. This game is played again and again with equal *naïveté*, and the most abstruse questions are touched upon in the same reckless and superficial manner, for no subject is either too grave or too deep for them. No sphinx ever uttered darker sayings or propounded more perplexing riddles.

There are certain privileges which women claim for themselves, and to which no man would dispute their right; but there are others which we should not be so willing to accord to them. For instance, women may change their minds or express dissatisfaction at their pleasure. They would, no doubt, resent its being treated as complaint or discontent, but how they would designate the peculiar disposition of mind to which we refer it is not for us to

say. In the absence of any other name, we can only speak of what it resembles, and describe it as it is to be found. Everything is out of tune; nothing is right. The gown does not fit; is not the right colour, nor the right cut; is not suited to the weather or the season; it is either too hot or too cold, too thick or too thin, too heavy or too light. The bonnet is equally at fault. The carriage should be open when it is closed, and *vice versâ*. The dinner is not right; the meat not tender; the hour is wrong; the 'service' indifferent; the company not well assorted. If they go to one theatre, they instantly discover they ought to have gone to another. If they visit Lady —, or Mrs. —, they are envious of the furniture and decorations. They continually complain of what they have, and covet what they have not got. It is true that the complaint generally refers to the more superficial circumstances of daily life; but if an effort is made to remove the cause of offence, or to supply what is wanting, then that is, in its turn, converted into a grievance, and men are railed against for being so 'stupid' and 'narrow-minded' as to take them at their word. They consider it a hardship that they are not allowed to grumble *ad libitum*, and are, or pretend to be, provoked that any should be so dull and matter-of-fact as to take them *au pied de la lettre*, and endeavour to provide a remedy against that which, after all, proves to be their pastime. It is very difficult to imagine it possible that there should be any *luzé* in grumbling; yet so it is. There are women to whom it is as much a part of their life as it is to eat and drink. Yet as it is said that two things are essential to the happiness of every Englishman—a grievance, and some one to tell it to—why should we be astonished at the fact that there are women who love a good grumble and find a pleasure in crying for the moon?

We have all been introduced to the 'Naggletons,' and might, without any very great difficulty, find the exact counterpart of Mrs. Naggleton among our friends and ac-

quaintances. [She is by no means a *rara avis*. 'Knagging' is a most expressive word. Its very sound denotes that roughness of temper which is continually fretting against people and things. Some women have a peculiar talent for ceaseless captiousness, which it is their delight to exercise every day and hour with unabated vigour, keeping it free from rust. They do not waste their strength and time in violent outbursts of vituperation, but by means of incessant reproaches and twittings keep their victims in a state of perpetual discomfort. Water will wear a stone by its continual dropping; and these women know how to wear out the peace of a man's life by their unremitted 'knagging.' It is a process of slow torture, not unlike the tactics of a cat towards a mouse, or of a spider towards a fly. Women who have this peculiar gift generally select as their victims those of an easy temper who are not conspicuous for any strength of character, but who possess a certain fund of *bonhomie*. They find them best suited to their purpose, and well disposed to submit to the inevitable for the sake of a quiet home. In addition to her other powers, Mrs. Naggleton has the faculty of always making herself appear as the martyr. While she tortures her victim she assumes the air of injured innocence, and tries to persuade others, as successfully as she persuades herself, that she is herself the victim of an inconstant, neglectful, or inconsiderate husband; and, with wonderful self-command, she goads him to say or do something which shall put her in the right. With great cleverness she baits her bull, and at the same time gets out of him opportunities for further sport.] Having also the 'gift of tears,' she calls them in to her aid, when other measures fail, and the old tactics seem to have lost their power, and is content to gain her point even at the cost of a little apparent weakness; for she knows that few men can withstand 'the unanswerable tear in woman's eye.'

The love of cruelty is inherent in human nature, and women are no

exception to the rule. It is certainly the most hateful aspect under which they can present themselves before us; and the idea itself is so entirely contradictory to all that distinguishes a woman from the rest of the creation, that it seems almost paradoxical to say that she can be cruel. Yet it is not so by any means. History can supply us with too many instances in which women have been conspicuous for their cruelty, and the annals of crime record against them some of the most revolting murders and crimes. The form of cruelty to which we refer is generally combined with a certain cleverness which belongs to women who have the reputation for being *intrigantes*. It is, of course, combined also with unscrupulousness; because no one can be both cruel and considerate towards others. If an unkind thing can be done or said, they say it and do it not only without hesitation or compunction, but even with satisfaction. They take pleasure in playing upon a raw, in chafing a wounded spirit, in goading almost to madness a mind that is, perhaps, already heavily laden. With wonderful discrimination and quickness of perception they can discover the weak point where an assault can be made with success, and they direct their efforts to it. Where their own schemes and designs are immediately or indirectly concerned, they are not likely to show pity; but apart from this they take actual pleasure in wounding, and in watching the effects of their cruelty. It is their amusement and their sport. No tie of relationship, however close and intimate, is any protection from their lash. 'Their tongues are sharp swords, and the poison of asps is under their lips.' If, by any chance, a young wife, whose experience of life is but short, comes across her path, the cruel woman will amuse herself at her expense. She will sow the seeds of suspicion and distrust; will open the eyes of her unsuspecting victim to any imperfections in her husband's character; will suggest the thought that he has concealments from her. If she has known him in his bachelor



days she will pretend to a more intimate acquaintance with his opinions, feelings, and habits; will refer, with an air of mystery, to some circumstance or event of his past life which, without any evil intention, he may not have disclosed to his wife, and will feign astonishment when, in reply to her repeated and off-hand assurance that 'of course her husband had told her all this long ago,' she sees nothing but the blank look of ignorance, and will affect surprise that the past is such a sealed book to the young wife, who sits quivering under the torturing process. Or, in the very wantonness of her love of mischief she will assume that, be it as it may with regard to the past, there must be perfect unanimity in all that relates to the present; and making the most of such knowledge as she can acquire, will convey the impression that she possesses the confidence which belongs to the wife, even while she assumes, in the very exquisiteness of her cruelty, that that confidence has not been withheld from her to whom it is due: or, varying her mode of attack, will comment upon the dress or equipage, assuming that it has been directed and provided by the care and forethought of an attentive and devoted husband, while she knows that these are not matters which occupy his thoughts in any degree. The cruel woman knows well how to take the brightness out of everything, and how to say the most cruel, cutting things in the blandest possible tones. If her cleverness secures for her a favourable reception in society, the withdrawal of her presence always occasions a sense of relief, though she never fails to leave a sting behind. Just as the presence of a hawk causes a commotion among the small birds, she creates a sensation wherever she goes. Her dearest friends are not safe, for she will not scruple to sacrifice their comfort and happiness to her love of cruelty, and she hails the sight of tears as a tribute to her power. Such women are essentially birds of prey, and though such examples are rare they are not altogether unknown.

From the extreme susceptibility and nervous organization of women, there is a considerable tendency to excitement and versatility, which conduces to impatience of the minor circumstances of life. There can be no doubt that the smaller contradictions of daily life are, in a certain sense, harder to bear than many of its severer trials. Against the former we are not specially prepared or on our guard; against the latter we are. Against the one we set all the fortitude of which we are capable, but of the others we take little heed. We are disposed to let them take their chance, and in this dangerous security lies the secret of their strength and our weakness. As a rule, the lives of women are more affected by externals. Their occupations and interests are of the lighter kind, and hence the small events of everyday life are a greater fret to them; they both feel them more keenly and are more influenced by them. This is not said disparagingly, but only to account, in some degree, for the peculiar susceptibility and impatience which women frequently exhibit. The variations of weather produce corresponding changes in our natures. A dark day infects the mind with its gloom, and the nervous system acts like a barometer under the varying influence of the temperature. Therefore it is not astonishing that the thwartings of daily life should have the effect of exciting impatience in natures which are so finely constituted. As the faintest breeze can awaken the notes of an *Æolian* harp, so the slightest ripple in the circumstances of life can call into existence those feelings which are especially under the influence of the nerves. The nervous, impatient woman is a torment to herself as well as to others. She demands the utmost promptitude in the execution of her wishes. No one is quick enough, and yet all are too quick. Her *juste milieu* is unattainable. Though it is impossible, without a spirit of divination, always to forestall another's wants, yet the irritable woman is in a frenzy if her requirements are not speedily met. Servants, children, friends, all are

in fault, and she is always complaining why her chariot-wheels seem to tarry. Life is frenzied; energies are wasted on trifles, and the most intense vehemence of words and manner accompanies the most trivial acts. Repose and quiet find no place with her. The spirit of impatience has troubled the waters which the angel of peace is never invited to quell.

Love is the domain which specially belongs to woman, over which she rules with undisputed sway. It is her peculiar privilege and province to awaken it, as well as to lavish and bestow it. Yet there is a temper and disposition, which might almost be called a vice, that springs from love and keeps close by its side. If pity is akin to love, jealousy is its offspring, turning 'love divine to joyless dread,' just as ashes are produced by fire. It is affirmed by some that there can be no true love without jealousy. This is true in a certain sense. It would be impossible to love another and to be at the same time indifferent to his or her infidelity or neglect; but it is not true in the sense in which it is often urged as the plea for absurd and groundless jealousies. It often happens that the most trivial and innocent incidents are distorted into misdemeanours and offences against the law of love by those who are always on the look-out for grounds of jealousy; and the commonest courtesies of life are misconstrued and suspected of evil, till society itself is viewed as one vast conspiracy against their happiness. It causes great and heedless suffering, and not unfrequently brings about the very evil which is so much dreaded.

Women who talk and women who love to manage are among those who have brought discredit upon womankind. These are they who

never can undertake the smallest thing without a considerable amount of talk. Everything must be discussed over and over again, not for the sake of prudence, that all sides and aspects of the same subject may be duly considered, but for the mere love of talking; and thus the boundaries of truth and falsehood are not always as carefully preserved as they might be. Mistakes are made; exaggeration obscures the truth; no watch is set on the lips, and words are used more with reference to the entertainment they are meant to afford than to truth.

The managing woman always occupies herself in setting her neighbour's house in order. She is up to any emergency, is ever ready with a suggestion and a plan, and equally ready to take offence if her advice is not followed. She criticises, discusses, proposes, and advises. She is the bane of young newly-married people, who, diffident of their own powers and resources, are too ready to take the managing woman at her own value and listen to her counsels.

The ways of womankind are manifold, and if some of their peculiarities are less pleasing than others, or are fraught with danger to our peace and happiness, it cannot be denied that in nine cases out of ten they are our light and solace. Almost all we know of virtue and religion we have learned from woman. Our greatest happiness has come from her. 'Without her the two extremities of this life would be destitute of succour, and the middle be devoid of pleasure.'

'A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food,  
For transient sorrow's simple wiles  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort and command  
And yet a spirit still and bright,  
With something of an angel light.'



## ETIQUETTES OF GRIEF.

THERE is nothing in which peculiarities and differences of character show themselves more strikingly than in the variety of ways in which people take their griefs. By griefs, we mean those sorrows which are the result of some bereavement. There is no one whose heart is so dead to all regard for others, or so absorbed by self-love, that there is not some one object the loss of which would plunge him into the most profound grief. Every one has his tender side, as well as his weak point. Some possess a greater number of interests than others, but every one has something, a husband, a wife, a child, or a friend which occupies his thoughts and care, the presence or loss of which makes life a pleasure or a blank. It is quite true that 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness,' and that no one can properly estimate the trials of his neighbour, or calculate beforehand how any one will conduct himself under affliction. You cannot argue upon it, nor safely draw any inferences on the subject. It is one of the mysteries of the human heart which no one can solve, and, being so, it is as unfair as it is narrow-minded to say that this or that person does not feel so strongly as another because his conduct or expression does not tally with certain laws or rules which we may have chosen to lay down on the matter. It is quite possible to argue both ways on a subject of this kind; but it is not safe to pronounce upon any one as really deficient in feeling because he does not act according to our notions of the way in which we believe that we should ourselves act under similar circumstances. We are not lawgivers, and have no right to lay down rules for others in such matters, especially as they are beyond the reach of any law.

A great grief often changes the character so wonderfully that we are not able to recognize it again. Like a veil, it hides from our sight the expression with which we have grown familiar and are wont to look for; or, like blindness,

it takes the light out of the eyes that used to shine brightly upon us. We have known instances of persons who were the gayest of the gay, on whom the ordinary trials of life could make no impression; who have seemed to live in the present, and to be the life of the circle in which they moved; who had no care, no thought for the morrow; apparently without any special interests, because the whole world was to them as an instrument of sweet music, which was always ready to respond to their slightest touch, and about whom it would have been difficult to predicate what would or would not touch them. We have known such struck down by an overwhelming grief. Death laid his hand on some treasure which they scarcely knew how much they prized, and of which they always felt secure, because it was always there; the reaper came and carried off the flower they loved, and in a moment the heart was frozen, ice-bound with grief. The sunshine had gone out of their lives, and had left them to grope their way in the darkness. From that moment they were changed, transformed almost beyond the power of recognition.

Others, again, have lived for years in the selfish enjoyment of the blessings which surrounded them, have culpably neglected those who have been the chief ministers to their comfort, treating them with selfish indifference, and showing but little, if any, regard for their happiness; and when death has deprived them of the companionship of one whose unselfish, unwearied, and patient love chiefly conducted to their comfort, they have bewailed their loss in ceaseless tears, and have exhibited the most overwhelming sense of their bereavement, and have quite taken the world by surprise at their poignant grief, betokening an affection for which no one gave them credit. There have been men of great reserve who feel acutely, but the outward signs of whose joys and sorrows do not lie on the surface. No one supposes

them to be capable of any great sensibility, and yet they suffer acutely; grief gnaws into their hearts; they go on their way silently but deeply mourning over the graves of their dead. Even they who have been exceedingly demonstrative in their affection towards a beloved object will sometimes occasion the greatest surprise to their friends by the manner in which they behave under affliction. They will speak almost lightly of the dead; will comment upon the last moments; repeat over again and again the last words; describe the last looks; and even discuss the appearance of the body as it lies shrouded in its coffin. They will speak of them-elves as 'crushed,' 'annihilated,' and 'desolate' in tones and accents inconsistent with such language. They will take the greatest personal interest in the arrangements for the funeral; will act as a kind of master of the ceremonies, or chief undertaker; or will be strict in their inquiry how everything went off; and will demand the most exact and detailed account of the proceedings of the day, and the remarks that were made; and will take an evident pride in the respect that may have been paid to the memory of the deceased.

Others, again, who have seemed to live only in the presence of some beloved one, will shrink from the very mention of the name; will never suffer it to be uttered in their presence, much less ever allow it to escape their own lips. It is almost as if some disgrace were attached to it, as if something of dishonour and shame were associated with it. It is folded up in the past, never to be unfolded again; or erased, as if a sponge had been taken to blot out the name for ever. And yet it is not really forgotten. The beloved name is enshrined in the heart, treasured up there like withered flowers within the leaves of some precious book, or like the relics which the devout pilgrim honours. There are they also whose love is beyond all dispute, who take an entirely opposite line, and can talk of nothing else. It is the unvarying theme of their conversation and their letters. If any attempt is

made to divert the thought into some other channel bearing more upon daily life and the blessings that remain, they ingeniously manage to make them drift back again to the subject of their sorrow. Every scrap of writing is produced, to be read again and again; every incident is narrated till sympathy is almost worn threadbare, and the over-indulged grief becomes a monomania. We are strangely-constituted beings, often, in extremes, moved in various ways by our passions and affections. It is quite intelligible that a violent shock should, for a time, almost unhinge the mind, and drive it into eccentricities; and it is, therefore, the more unfair to judge and condemn harshly any form which sorrow may take that is not altogether in unison with received customs. We cannot grieve by rule and measure. Small griefs are loud, but great ones still.

\* Angry bears a grief loud awhile  
Broken hearts are dumb and smile.\*

Laughter comes not from profound joy, nor weeping from deep sorrow. It is true that tears and sorrow are frequent companions, but rarely in their highest excesses, and therefore there is nothing more fallacious than the outward signs of sorrow. The chances are, that the affliction which shrinks from publicity, seeks to be invisible, and avoids ceremony; is more true and deep than that which finds its solace in that outward display which invites the comment of the world at large.

It always appeared to us as peculiarly hard that our gracious Queen was at one time censured for indulging her sorrow. If any one had greater cause than another to mourn, it was she. Placed by Providence in an exalted and trying position, she needed all the support and aid that an intelligent mind and a faithful, loyal, and loving heart could afford. No sorrow, care, or anxiety had hitherto entered her home, which was the very type of domestic felicity. Suddenly the greatest of all possible trials befell her, at a time when the age of her children made a father's hand and counsel all the

more necessary; and who could blame her that she did not mourn by rule? that she still reveres and honours the memory of one for whom the whole nation wept? There have been others in humbler rank, no doubt, equally sorely tried, who have mourned all the days of their life, and who can never bring themselves to discard the symbols of their desolation, or to return to the world as if it still possessed any charms for them. They prefer the quiet of their own home circle, and no one questions their right to indulge their preference; but then it must be acknowledged that society has no direct and positive claim upon them. It is one of the penalties of the most exalted rank, that they who occupy it must, to a certain extent, put a restraint upon their natural desire for privacy. In her gradual approach to her former life, let us deal gently and lovingly with our Queen, as a child would towards a parent, that she may know that we understand and can appreciate the great sacrifice she is making of herself for the public good, and that we are fully sensible that human nature is the same in all—that the stricken heart of both rich and poor alike need repose and time to recover itself.

There is, however, one aspect of this subject—the expression of grief—with which we confess to have very little patience. We allude to certain etiquettes which, in many instances, are followed to an absurd extent. There are some persons in the world who cannot exist without satisfying themselves that all they do is *en règle*. We have known instances in which when the death of a relation has been announced, for whom the survivors had no feeling but that of dislike, that they think it necessary to shut themselves up in their rooms, as if they were overwhelmed with affliction. They go through the farce of pretending to a sorrow which all the world knows they do not feel. Heirs who never cared for those from whom they inherit, think it necessary to go through certain formalities. A brother, who has supplanted us in our birthright, or in the affections

of some one on whom we were dependent, and who has plotted against us to his own advantage and our injury; a child, whose disobedience and want of affection has been the trial and torment of our lives; a mother, who has forsaken or neglected her children; and a wife, who has been the bane of her home, cannot cause the same sorrow and regret as those whose faithfulness, tender care, dutifulness, unselfishness, and uprightness have endeared them to all who have been associated with them. And yet no distinction is made; the same etiquettes are observed, the same retirement from the world, the same expressions, the same language is adopted in both instances. We do not, of course, refer to the custom of wearing mourning, which is a rule which cannot be dispensed with; and, so far, etiquette may serve us in good stead, when it prevents our proclaiming too plainly to the world the estimation in which we have held our deceased relatives and friends. It is said that 'blood is thicker and water,' that ties of relationship bind more strongly than other ties. It may be so where the mutual obligations of relationship are cheerfully fulfilled, but certainly not where those obligations have been neglected, set at nought, and contradicted through life.

\* To be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain; }

and ties of relationship are worse than without force, when all the affection, kindness, and consideration which they are supposed to represent, are not only wanting but reversed.

Two rather absurd and amusing instances occur to us connected with the subject of etiquettes of grief. One was that of a parish clerk, who was called upon to take part in the funeral obsequies of one of our country magnates. The clergyman, having been somewhat disconcerted by the apparent backwardness of the clerk to make the responses which, when he did make them, were not in his usual tone and manner, but rather as if he were suffering from a severe cold, in-

quired, after the service was over, whether he was ill. The clerk both looked and expressed astonishment at being so interrogated. The clergyman explained, and added that he was afraid he was suffering from a severe cold. The clerk instantly drew down the corners of his mouth, and said, in the same snuffing, lachrymose tone, that he was not ill, but that he thought it his duty to appear affected. The other was that of a lady who had recently become a widow. She had not been conspicuous for fidelity or conjugal affection, and, when she saw some of her husband's relatives for the first time after his death, and observed, or thought she observed them scanning, with looks of disapprobation, her uncovered head, forestalled all remonstrance by saying, with a sigh, that 'dear Tom' had made her promise she would not disfigure herself by wearing that hideous head-dress called a widow's cap; 'dear Tom,' she well knew, was not a man to know or trouble himself about any woman's dress when he was alive, and it was not likely that his rest would be disturbed by the thought that his lovely widow might be disfiguring herself by wearing the sign of her widowhood.

It continually happens, during a London season, that a whole family is shut out from society by the death of a relative for whom they never cared, and whom some of them never beheld. The rule of etiquette has enacted that no one shall mix in society till after a certain time has elapsed after the death of a relative, and a kind of graduated scale has been fixed, varying according to the degrees of relationship. Any infringement of this rule is severely commented upon, and the transgressors are denounced as unfeeling, indecent, heartless, and many other things besides. A mother who has several daughters to dispose of—or perhaps it may be only one, but that one on the apparent verge of a proposal from a most eligible *parti*—is sometimes suddenly shut out from society by an etiquette which demands of her a retirement from the world for a

season, on account of the death of a relation for whom none of them ever cared, or had any reason to regret, and she has perhaps to bear, in addition, the uncertainty whether the anxiously-expected marriage will ever 'come off,' the course of true love having been interrupted at a critical moment. Instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, exposing both the inconveniences and absurdities which result from a compliance with the rigorous laws of etiquette. There are people who think it indecorous, at such times, to meet the different members of their family at dinner, but manage to get over their grief at tea-time, and have little *côteries* in their bedroom or sitting-room; or who think it honouring the dead to darken one of their windows for a twelve-month with a huge unsightly hatchment; and who consider mutes, and an assemblage of mourning coaches and private carriages, indispensable appendages of grief. The custom of people sending their private carriages closed, as their representatives, to follow in the train of a funeral procession, is certainly one of the strangest imaginable. In fact, all funerals in this country have a somewhat pagan aspect, owing to the power of etiquette, which has prescribed what shall or shall not be done, and which scarcely any one dares to resist. When the heart is bowed down with grief, and silently pleads to be let alone, the undertaker has it all his own way, and hatbands and scarfs of silk and crape swell the amount of his bill, and help to make the solemn ceremony a profit to himself. The clerk gets another breadth for his wife's Sunday gown, and the clergyman's wife or daughter a new silk apron.

The tradesman complies with etiquette and puts up a shutter in honour of a deceased patron, which also serves as an advertisement to the living, and conciliates the survivors. After the lapse of a certain time, during which the relatives mourn, or are supposed to mourn in private and retirement, cards of thanks for kind inquiries are sent out, which are meant to express



that the mourners are well disposed to other society than their own. In short, from first to last, etiquette has prescribed, with a surprising definiteness, all the minutiae of the symbols and expressions of grief; so much so that an amusing anecdote has been told, perhaps more *ben trovato* than true, of a lady who went to one of the great mourning warehouses in London, and, on mentioning what she required, was politely requested by one of the shopmen to go further on. 'This, madam, is the light affliction department; the heavy bereavement is further on.'

The result of all this system of etiquette is, that, while invidiousness may be avoided, there is a considerable amount of unreality underlying the whole question. A combination of friend and relation is of infinite value; a blessing to be prized, and to be bewailed when

lost; but it is possible to have a friend whose love, like Jonathan's for David, surpassed the love of women; or a daughter-in-law like Ruth, whose love and loyalty prompted her to say to her mother-in-law, 'Where thou goest I will go; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'

No outward expressions of grief can ever sufficiently represent the sorrow which their loss must occasion those who are called upon to bear it, and who are properly sensible of it. It is when a deep and overwhelming sorrow comes upon us, that all minor considerations are lost sight of. The heart that is really stricken has neither inclination nor time to dwell upon the host of little things which occupy those whose griefs are only skin-deep.

## THE WHITE FEATHER.



EADY, Helen? asked peremptorily, *more suo*, Gertie Fairfax, appearing, parasol-whip in hand, at one of the open windows of the long drawing-room at Laureston one afternoon, the last of a certain August. 'Ready, Helen?'

A fair-haired girl, buried in a low, soft chair, day-dreaming, with her pretty gloved hands lying in her lap, answered lazily, 'Yes, dear,' and rose, not too willingly.

'Then come along,' said Gertie; 'Damon and Pythias are wild to start, and the dog-cart went for Dar half an hour ago. We shall be too late for the train, after all. Come along, dear!'

And, thus adjured, Helen Troherne followed her cousin out of the cool, pleasant room on to the hot asphalt of the terrace, and eventually into the perfect little pony-chaise it was Gertie's pride to call her own.

'That'll do, Drake,' Miss Fairfax said, presently, when the white dust-wrapper had been settled over her own skirt and her companion's; 'that'll do; let them go!'

And Drake (a tiny Elzevir groom, known to his mistress's intimates as 'the Childe') obeying, the impatient ponies flung themselves with a jerk into their collars, and started off at a hand-gallop down the avenue almost before 'the Childe' could swing himself into his perch behind. 'They're awfully fresh, Nell!' said their delighted mistress, as soberly as she could, while the Jouvin's sixes on her firm little hands, that controlled so skilfully the vagaries of those wilful pets, were sorely strained and tried in the endeavour to keep the said pets straight now as they rushed past the lodge;

'they're awfully fresh! It's lucky they knew we were coming, and kept the gates open, isn't it? I think we shall get to Baddingley before Dar, after all. Gently, Damon! Quiet, sir!' as the off thoroughbred tried to break into a canter again on the smooth high road, and the congenial Pythias, on the near side, seemed quite ready to follow his example. 'There! that's beautiful! Aren't they darlings, Helen?'

'Dears!' assented Miss Treherne; 'but just a little too much for you at times, I think, Gertie.'

'Nonsense! they've never got out of my hand once since Dar gave them to me. Why, he chose them for me himself, on purpose for my own driving, or mamma would never trust me with only "the Childe," who is only ornamental, you know. I say, Nell, I'm so glad Dar is coming. This is the last we shall see of him. His leave's up in December, and the regiment isn't to come home for goodness knows how long.'

'Will Dar go back to India, then?' Miss Treherne asked.

'I'm afraid so!' Gertie sighed. 'I wish he wouldn't. So does mamma. She wants him to marry and settle down with us at Laureston.'

'And Dar declines?'

'So it appears. He always laughs in that provoking way of his at the notion of his ever being seriously *épousé*, you know; says he should tire of any woman in a week, and that sort of thing. The fact is,' Gertie added, after a pause, 'in his quiet, "dangerous" way, Mr. Dar is a frightful flirt; and he's been so spoiled that I don't think he is likely to give me a sister-in-law yet awhile. This last season he was *aux petits vins* with Flora Hoddesdon. You know the Hoddesdons—up yonder at The Place. And I fancy Flora liked him. As, indeed,' remarked, *en parenthèse*, the partial sister, 'most women do somehow, when he means they should. And we thought he really did mean something. But Dar went off quietly one morning to Baden, or somewhere, and nothing came of it.

I think mamma would quite approve of Flora; and perhaps now, when they meet—but one never knows what to make of Dar. He takes everything so coolly; though no one can be more winning when he chooses. Vere Brabazon says he's worshipped in the regiment.'

'And who is Vere Brabazon?' inquired Helen.

'Oh! didn't I tell you?' Gertie said, looking straight forward between the off-pony's ears; 'he's a friend of Dar's, in the same regiment. Dar saved his life in India. They came home on leave together, and we met him in London. He follows Dar about everywhere.'

'Tiens! will he follow his preserver down here?'

'I'm sure I don't know. I believe mamma asked him. She took rather a fancy to him.'

'And is he a "cool captain," too?'

'No; he's only a sub. And he doesn't like Dar's line at all, though he looks up to him immensely. They call him "Hebe" in the regiment, because he was quite a child when he joined, and has yellow hair and a face that would be like a girl's if it weren't for his moustache and the Indian bronze on it. But he behaved splendidly, Dar says, in that horrible mutiny! Gertie went on, her pale, delicate little face lighting up as she spoke—'splendidly! and bore all the hardship and suffering as carelessly as the oldest soldier there. And then he was awfully wounded, too, poor fellow! And he would have been killed but for Dar.'

'Altogether, "Hebe" is rather interesting?'

'Well, yes,' Gertie responded, laughing, but with the flush on her cheek still.

'And Dar saved his life! How was that?' Miss Treherne pursued.

'Well, you know,' Gertie answered, 'neither of them would say much about it. But he, Mr. Brabazon, told me that Dar swam his horse into a river under a heavy fire, and helped him to the bank, when he had been hit, and was just falling from his saddle. He says nothing but Dar's pluck and coolness saved

them both, and that Dar ought to have the V. C. He's very quiet and gentle, and at first I thought almost ladylike in his manner. I suppose he hasn't got strong again yet; but he grew quite excited and eloquent when he talked about "the Don's" (they call Dar "the Don," you know) good-nature in coming in after him. "I thought it was all up with me, Miss Fairfax," he said to me; "I was getting dizzy and confused, for I'd been rather badly hit, and couldn't head old Mustapha, my charger, for the bank, as I ought to have done, and we began going down stream, while the niggers were taking pot-shots at us quite comfortably from their cover. I felt I should roll out of my saddle in another minute, when I heard 'the Don's' voice close beside me, and then I knew it would be all right. He brought Mustapha and me out of it, and never got touched himself, though the Pandies blazed away harder than ever all the time, and he was covering me. It was the noblest thing that ever was done, by Jove! it was."

"So it was!" Miss Treherne said, with a light in her own violet eye, when Gertie had finished her extract from 'Hebe's' narrative; "and you quote Mr. Brabazon admirably, dear!" she added.

"Absurd!" the other laughed, administering rather uncalled-for punishment to Damon for breaking the trot. And neither spoke again till they were driving through the High Street at Baddingley.

The cousins were more like sisters than some sisters are I wot of. The same age to a day, they had been nearly always together since they left their Paris pension, and never separated for so long a time before as they had done this year, when Gertie Fairfax had been up to London for her presentation, and had been entered to run the gauntlet of her first season.

Helen Treherne's father, the dean, a courtly, clerical grand seigneur, who grew every year more loth to leave the dignified ease and repose of the Cathedral Close, and to miss his darling's fair face and brightening presence from his side for very

long, had put off that ordeal in her case till another year.

Even as it was, when she came back to Laureston, Gertie had to take dean and deanery by storm, and fight a hardish battle, before she could carry off his sunshine (as the old man loved to call his daughter) for a brief visit. But Miss Fairfax had a knack of getting her own way in most things, and the dean had to yield, and did.

While the ponies were trotting up the sharp rise which leads to Baddingley Station, the express, five miles off, was rushing full swing down the line bound for the same goal.

Fast as they were going, and admirably as they have kept time all the way, one of its passengers, lounging on his cushions over 'Punch' and a regalia, was beginning to wax impatient.

"Deuced slow work this, aint it, 'Hebe?" Daryl Fairfax said at last to his companion, a slight, tall, fair-haired Light Dragoon, with a bronzed face and a yellow moustache, who was sucking away at a facsimile of the other's cabana. "We ought to be there by now."

"Don't know about slow, you know," Vere Brabazon responded; "done the last six miles in seven minutes and a quarter by my watch. Whereabouts are we? You ought to know, Dar."

Daryl Fairfax picked himself up, and looked out of the window.

"All right!" he said; "there's Baddingley spire. And there's the whistle!" he added, the next moment, as the engine began to shriek on nearing the junction.

"Get yourself together, 'Hebe," and hand us over that gun-case. Can't afford to trust that to any one but myself. Here we are!" And creaking, and groaning, and hissing, the express ran into the station.

There was a crowd of people on the platform; but for all the noise and confusion of yelling porters, struggling passengers, gaping, helpless bucolics, and the rest, Vere Brabazon managed to catch a glimpse of a face which had been haunting him all the journey down, and for many a long day before.

'I say, Don,' he said, flinging away his cigar, 'there she is!'

'Is she?' responded Dar, with a rug-strap between his teeth. 'Who?'

'Your sister.'

'Dence she is!' observed Miss Fairfax's brother. 'Why, I told them to send over the dog-cart for us. At least, you know, I don't think I said anything about your coming, Vere. I suppose she's come to meet me with the ponies. Here, guard!' And that polite official came hurrying up to unlock the door. 'Never mind,' Dar went on, when the two were on the platform, 'we'll make room for you somehow. You shall have "the Childe's" perch behind, if Gertie's here alone. Come along!'

In another moment they had emerged from the ruck, and Miss Fairfax's watchful eyes had lighted on them.

'There they are, Nell!' she said, suddenly. 'There's Dar, with that gun-case in his hand!'

'And "Hebe" bringing up the rear?' whispered Helen; for the pair were close upon them now. 'The soubriquet suits him admirably, Gertie!'

But Gertie had moved off to welcome her brother, dutifully.

'Dear old Dar! I'm so glad you've come!'

'Beau obligé, petite!' the dear Dar vouchsafed to answer; 'but I say, I hope you've sent something for us besides your phaeton. I've brought Vere down with me.'

'Oh, indeed,' Gertie said, becoming suddenly aware of the existence of such an individual. 'How do you do, Mr. Brabazon?'

Mr. Brabazon, who had been standing silently by, pulling his yellow moustache, and looking (Helen thought) certainly very 'ladylike' and languid, brightened up immediately, and seemed perfectly happy when his fingers closed round the little hand Gertie gave him.

'There's the dog-cart for you, Dar,' his sister said, presently; 'I'm afraid Helen and I and "the Childe" quite fill the phaeton, you know.'

"Helen," Dar said—he had been

wondering for the last thirty seconds who the blonde-haired girl with the white feather in her hat might be—"Helen," not Cousin Helen.'

'Why not?' Cousin Helen asked, with a smile and little blush, as she put out her hand to meet Dar's.

'On the contrary,' that individual responded, in somewhat involved speech; 'on the contrary, every reason why. Except my failing to recognize you, as I ought to have done, at once. It's—how many years—since we saw each other last? There is that excuse for me.'

And they made their way out of the station by degrees—Helen and Dar, followed by Gertie and Vere Brabazon—till they came to where 'the Childe' stood at the ponies' heads, and conversed affably on the chances of the coming 'Cambridgeshire,' with the groom who had brought over the dog-cart.

While the porters were stowing gun-cases and dressing-bags, and other light luggage into its interior, the two men stood one on either side of the phaeton when the girls were seated, talking pleasantly.

Pleasantly, because Vere and Gertie Fairfax were beginning to understand each other; and because 'the Don' was by no means sorry to discover that 'the blonde-haired girl' was Cousin Helen.

Little by little he got to identify her with a pet of his some ten years ago, a plucky little woman of eight, whom he had taught to sit her first pony, and who had wept such passionate tears one night when a big official letter had come to Laureston, and Cornet Fairfax of 'Ours' was ordered to embark for India and active service forthwith.

He remembered, too, how they had drunk a bumper after dinner to his *bon voyage*—how the old Squire, the kind, generous governor he was never to see again, had pledged him with a somewhat shaking voice from the head of the long table in the oak dining-room, and prayed God bless his only son—how Cousin Helen had turned white in her muslin robes, and had slipped from her chair and from the room; and how he had discovered her, half an hour afterwards, in the dark

library alone, sobbing as though her heart would break.

He had called her *La Fée Blanche* in the old time, she was so delicately fair and fragile looking. Watching her face now, as it was lifted to his, and as the child's smile seemed to come again upon the lips, and the old, half-grave, half-laughing look to fill the violet eyes, 'the Don' was, certes, not displeased to discover that time had only ripened that early promise, and that Cousin Helen was very good to look upon, and *La Fée Blanche* still.

So there was a happy ten minutes' talk. For Gertie was at least that time in finding out that her pets were waxing wrath at the delay, and taxing 'the Child's' powers of soothing and intimidation to the uttermost.

As the phaeton drove off at last, Gertie nodding saucily in adieu, and promising to announce their approach to 'my lady' at Laureston, Dar stood watching the white feather in Helen's hat till they had turned the corner, lighting a fresh cigar the while, and thinking how well that velvet toque with its long streamers became her.

'Flora never looked well in a hat,' he thought, aloud and ungratefully, 'and she'd never the sense to discover it. Wonder whether she's down here, and whether she's likely to be troublesome if she is.'

By-and-by he and 'Hebe' were driving towards Laureston in the wake of Gertie's phaeton, which, however, as she had told them, they had small chance of overtaking.

'We'll shoot the home covers to-morrow, Vere, I'm thinking,' Dar said, as they went along; 'I hear uncommonly good reports of them.'

'All right,' murmured 'Hebe,' lazily; 'there won't be so much tramping to do. That floors me utterly, you know.'

'Lazy beggar you are! You mean to shut up by lunch-time. Well, we'll send you back in Gertie's charge if you do. She always drives to meet us with the *vivres* when we shoot near home, and lunches with us. So there'll be a field ambulance ready for you if you get put *hors-de-combat*.'

'Capital arrangement,' assented Vere, making up his mind to be utterly exhausted by the afternoon; 'morning's always enough for me, you know. I ain't so enthusiastic as some fellows about the afternoon birds.'

In point of fact 'Hebe' was a good deal too indolent to care much for any sport that involved long-protracted physical exertion, and detested walking above all things. And he had been rather dreading long days over the stubbles and the turnips after wild coveys without perhaps a glimpse of Gertie Fairfax till dinner-time.

The prospect seemed brighter now after 'the Don's,' his liege lord's, announcement, and Vere pulled away at his eternal cabaña with renewed energy.

'Yes,' pursued Dar, still busy with his programme for his opening day, 'that will be a fair morning's work. Shoot up to Thicketon; lunch in the Hoddesdons' wood under the King Oak; meet their keepers there, and keep the outlying fields for the afternoon. That'll do capitally.'

'The Hoddesdons?' 'Hebe' asked. 'Do they live about here?'

'There's their place,' Dar said, jerking his whip towards a tall-chimneyed edifice on a rising ground; 'we've just passed their lodge-gates. You know 'em, don't you?'

'Mademoiselle—tall, dark girl, with good eyes. Yes, I know her.'

'Ah, well, you know all that's necessary if you know Flora. She rules, you know. Ignores Madame Mère altogether, except as a chaperon.'

'By the way, Dar, hadn't you something on with the daughter this season? I heard something about you two.'

'My dear boy; no! Flora and I are very good friends, I believe. That's all. She's not the sort I should ever think seriously about. In fact I never met a woman who was yet. Ours is a very platonic business, and I mean it to remain just that.'

'Tant p's pour elle!' thought 'Hebe.' 'Shouldn't like a platonic friendship, that was never to be any-

thing more, to exist between "the Don" and a sister of mine, if I had one, I know.

And then he fell to thinking about the state of things between himself and Gertie Fairfax, and to wonder what his own chances were in the little game he felt it would be bitterly hard to give up, or to lose now. His chances!

A younger son, living, he couldn't tell you exactly how, on his younger son's portion of a few hundreds plus pay and allowances, what chance had he of winning a dowered belle like Gertie?

He loved her, poor boy! he couldn't help that, but he doubted often very sorely, in his odd times of reflection, whether he loved wisely.

She might like him to valse with—Hebe knew that, despite his indolence, natural and acquired, he could steer a valseuse through an ugly crush, or swing her round a crowded circle as few of the Light Brigade could do—and she mightn't object to have him by her side in her morning canter in the Row, and she might bow and smile pleasantly enough to him when he doffed his hat to her in the Ring. But did she really care for him? Would she listen to him one day? Would his love win her? And even if it did, would her people let her fling herself away upon a penniless sub, with nothing but his sabre to depend on?

Sometimes, when these considerations and doubts presented themselves to him very strongly and disagreeably, poor 'Hebe' was fain to bite his yellow moustache savagely; and, growling in the spirit, to wish the deuce he hadn't applied for that confounded sick-leave, and almost make up his mind to report himself well at once, and rejoin 'Ours' that winter at Amherst, N.W.P.; and then find a dozen unanswerable reasons for staying on, and hug his chains the closer, and ask for that extra fast dance, and, perhaps, while the *Clicquot* was hissing and sparkling in his tumbler, persuade himself that he really had some chance of pulling off the race after all. Going to bed,

or to finish the night at the Rag, with the recollection of Gertie's smile and 'good-night' when he had put her into the carriage, haunting him still, and with a happy though hazy notion that 'it would all come right somehow, perhaps.'

But there were times when sophistry of this sort was powerless to soothe him, as now. And so Vere sat behind his big cigar answering such observations as his companion vouchsafed him in languid monosyllables, but sorrowful at heart, and inclined to curse the folly which had made him accept so gratefully Dar's invitation to come down to Laureston for the first, and the greater folly he had committed in coming down to play moth to the dangerous flame that had singed his wings desperately already. And yet *ohimé!* and yet!—She had looked adorable when he saw her at the station. She had welcomed him so kindly and so frankly, that surely he would have been an idiot to miss seeing her, and the rest of it.

'Hebe's' cogitations described their wonted circle, and came back to their old starting-point as usual.

By that time they were driving up the avenue at Laureston. As they came out of its shadow they saw the white dresses of the two girls gleaming on the terrace; and, mounting presently the broad, white stone steps that led up from the drive, they were received by 'my lady' in person—an honour seldom accorded by that tall, stately châteline to any but the son she worshipped. She was very gracious to her son's friend too, though.

As Gertie had said, 'my lady' seemed to have taken a great liking for Vere—for Dar's sake, perhaps.

The two girls came up, and they all lingered in the sunlight till the dressing-bell rang.

'Well, Helen, and what do you think of him?' Gertie asked, coming into her cousin's room just as Pincot had finished coiling the fair hair about her mistress's shapely little head, and had been dismissed. 'What do you think of him now?'

'Think of whom?' Miss Treherne



asked. "Hebe"? I think he's very nice, dear."

"I don't mean him. Dar. Did you remember him?"

"Perfectly. He hasn't changed much. The bronze, and that big black moustache alter him a little; but I should have recognized Dar's voice and manner anywhere."

"Yes. They're his own, certainly—Dar's are."

"Like Mr. Brabazon's. 'Hebe' is immensely ladylike for all his yellow moustache, Gertie," laughed Helen; "and he's very pretty too."

"Well, he can't help being ladylike and pretty, you know," Gertie responded. "Poor boy! he is quite a child still; he seemed to have something on his mind to-day, I thought. He was looking quite ill again."

"Been sitting up too late at the club, and smoking too many cigars, perhaps," suggested Helen; "he'll be better after he's been at Laureston a day or two, I dare say. Especially if you take him in hand, Gertie."

"Oh, Helen!"

"J'ai des yeux noir! And they tell me there's nothing the matter with 'Hebe' that you can't cure, darling,—if you choose, that is. Do you mean to choose, Gertie?"

Miss Fairfax smiled, and shook her head.

"It's awfully cool of you to talk like that, Nell," she said; "I've never told you—"

"What need was there to tell me, after what I saw just now, when you spoke to him?"

"And what did you see, pray?"

Miss Treherne's answer was nothing more intelligible than a kiss. But it seemed sufficient, for Gertie asked no more questions, and the two went down to the drawing-room together.

There was there before them, lounging over the piano alone, and twisting about the leaves of a pile of music upon it.

When Dar arrived presently, Helen was playing a walse, apparently for her own and sole delectation, for the other two were at a distant window; Gertie seated on cushions in the sill thereof, and

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'Hebe' outside on the terrace, talking low-toned talk to her—about the sunset, probably.

"So the 'Amaranthe' is a pet walse of yours, too, Helen?" Dar said, crossing at once to the piano.

"How do you know?" she asked, without stopping.

"Easily: you play it, as people ought only to be allowed to play that walse, perfectly."

"Ergo, it is my pet?"

"Ergo, you understand it, and like it—or you wouldn't be playing it to yourself. And as very few of your sex are content with merely 'liking' a thing, but almost invariably end by 'loving' it, I may fairly conclude you love the 'Amaranthe' best. So do I."

"I don't know whether your conclusion's a fair one or not," Helen said, finishing with a rush; "it happens to be a true one in this case, though."

And then she fell into that 'loving and liking' snare he had set for her; and Dar amused himself very well till dinner.

During which he, seated beside her, talked about the old days when she was La Fée Blanche, in white frocks and blue ribands; and he 'Cousin Dar,' home for the Eton holidays.

Grown harder and more self-contained now, as was but natural; but, in her eyes, but little altered, Miss Treherne thought, as he opened the door for their retreat back to the drawing-room, by-and-by, on 'my lady' making the move. Not quite so much of a demigod, either, as he had been once in her childish eyes; but, all the same, a strong, straight, stalwart, soldier cousin; none the worse to look upon because his dark face was bronzed and set, and the silky down on his upper lip had become a heavy black moustache, falling over it like a wave.

Altogether, she liked the present 'Cousin Dar' at least as well as the former, she confessed to herself.

And then she remembered his dictum anent feminine 'liking' again; and felt rather inclined to be angry with herself for remembering it.

It was a pleasant evening at

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Laureston, that of 'the Don's' arrival. 'My lady' took her coffee in her peculiar chair, in a certain recess in the Long Drawing-room; and Dar made her happy by sitting on the footstool at her feet, and talking to her as she best loved to hear him talk; while Gertie and Helen sang half-a-dozen duets, and Vere Brabazon was on duty at the piano.

Then they strolled on to the terrace in the moonlight, 'my lady' watching them from her sheltered nook. And 'Hebe' seemed to find something inspiring in the poetry of the scene—it was, in fact, the post-prandial Burgundy which had revived his hopes and quieted his fears and misgivings—and had a good deal to say to his companion, which, doubtless, she seriously inclined to hear.

Helen found a garden-chair a little in the shadow, and sat there with the moonlight falling on her fair hair till it looked a halo about her head, leaning her arm on the broad stone balustrade.

The odour of an Havannah, and Cousin Dar's step behind her, made her look round.

'I'm going to shock your imaginative tendencies by smoking a cigar out here,' Dar's voice said. 'The Madre wanted me to send you in; she says the terrace is too cold for you to-night; but I promised you should run no risk, if you liked the moonlight better than the lamp-light; and so I've brought you this.'

He held out a warm violet-and-black striped mand as he spoke—a wrapper precious in the eyes of the *frilleux* East Indian, ever cynically distrustful of the vagaries of an English climate.

'For me?' Helen said: 'but I don't want it, thank you.'

'Grateful!'

'I mean—it's very kind of you to bring it; but I'm not cold.'

'The Madre seems to think you ought to be, anyhow; you'd better let me put it round you.'

Which he did, skilfully. Then he stood beside her, leaning against the stonework of the balustrade too, and smoked on in silence.

'What a lovely night!' Helen said, presently.

'Lovely!' 'the Don' assented, thinking how well her face, with the soft sheen upon it, came out against the dark folds of the plaid draped above her shoulders; 'Laureston always looks its best by moonlight.'

'So I think.'

'Like Melrose, you know; and, for the matter of that, like most other places to the poetic eye. That happens to be a feature I don't possess; but this light does suit all this stonework. I remember thinking that night, ten years ago—just such a night as this, it was—when I was turning my back on it to join 'Ours' in India, that I had never seen the old place look so well. The notion that I might never see it again had something to do with my admiration, I dare say; but I recollect distinctly noticing the effect, and admiring it.'

'And while you were coolly admiring the effect, we were all sobbing in chorus in there, in the drawing-room!'

'You mean I ought to have been doing the same out here? Do you give us your tears, then, only *à charge de revanche*?'

'Grateful!' she said, in his own tone.

'Not so ungrateful as you fancy. Few men are. If we want examples of that worldly virtue, we look to you for them generally, you know.'

'Why? To excuse ingratitude in your own sex; or to prove it?—which?'

'Neither: though you don't put it badly. To learn it, in our turn.'

'*La grande besogne*!' she said, provoked, and shrugging her shoulders after a way she had. Dar smiled.

'You've disarranged the maud,' he said; 'let me fold it again for you. There. As I was saying, we are not so ungrateful as you think us. I am not, anyhow. I haven't forgotten a certain *Fée Blanche* who used to inhabit Laureston once; and whom I saw the night I went away, the last time I turned my head, standing just about here, waving a little handkerchief in adieu to Cousin Dar. I've always felt grate-

ful to that Fée in my heart. Do they call you Fée Blanche still, Helen?"

"Of course not!" she said, laughing, while the colour came into her face.

"Of course not," he repeated, gravely; "who would dare talk in that way to a demoiselle of nineteen with a turn for satirical French?"

"Only 'Cousin Dar,' I suppose."

"I hope so, Fée," he said, then; "I shouldn't like to hear any one take my name for you in vain, I think."

Miss Treherne didn't choose to ask him why; and so after that they were silent—she looking out over the terrace-garden and the park, on to the far-away woods shimmering in the moonlight; and he standing beside her with folded arms, his eyes resting often on her face.

I think one of these two, at all events, was sorry when 'Hebe' and Gertie came up, and formed a quartette, which lingered talking and laughing so long that 'my lady' had to summon them all back to the drawing-room.

"Will you sing me the 'Addio,' Fée?" Dar's low voice whispered in Helen's ear, as they came in last through the open window; 'it's just the night to listen to Schubert. The Madre will order you off directly. Come to the piano now!'

Now the 'Addio' was Miss Treherne's song of songs, and had never been sung by her for other delight than her own; so she asked—

"And pray how did you know that the 'Addio' was a song of mine?"

"I found it before dinner under a pile of Gertie's trash. I'd a sort of certainty that it belonged to you, and that you made it caviare to the general. Right, am I not?"

"Yes," Helen said; "but then——"

"Why do I ask you for it, you mean? Because it is caviare to the general. I don't want what you give to everybody. You'll sing it me—won't you, Fée? Let me sit here; this chair's just the right distance; and you won't want me to turn over leaves for you, I know."

And 'the Don' established himself in a low chair near the piano; and Helen Treherne broke her rule, and did as she was told, and sang him 'L'Addio' adorably.

I don't think she had even a thought of refusing 'Cousin Dar' this that he asked; though I am certain she would have refused any one else *tout net*. But she had been in the habit of obeying all Dar's behests implicitly from a child, and now that he had come back, their little *tête-à-tête* on the terrace just now seemed to have quite re-established the old relationship of ruler and ruled between them. So, when he wanted her song of songs from her, he got it at once; just as he had got all it pleased him to require from La Fée Blanche ten years before.

He sat in his lounging-chair while she sang, a little behind, but so that his eyes could watch her face unknown to her. He never moved till the last passionate, quivering notes had died away, and her hands had fallen idly into her lap.

He got up then, and came and stood beside her.

"I shan't ask for anything more after that!" Dar said. "Thank you, Fée."

And if he could not well have said less, yet the tone he spoke in, and the look his face wore satisfied the singer amply.

By-and-by 'my lady' and the two girls went away.

Over his Cavendish and B and S, in 'the Don's' smoking-room, Vere Brabazon would have liked to open his heart to his chief, and tell him of the *belle passion* he had audaciously conceived for the daughter of his house.

Poor 'Hebe's' throat, though, would get so dry and husky every time he had made up his mind to have it out before he went to bed, that the words wouldn't be uttered, and he had to gulp them back with a draught from the species of glass stable-bucket at his elbow.

He didn't know, you see, how Dar might take the avowal, exactly. He felt that he had no earthly business to be in love with Gertie Fairfax; that he certainly oughtn't to

be at Laureston in the present state of things; and that 'the Don' would have fair cause for rebuke and anger, when he should know all, at his remaining there.

For all his girl's face and 'lady-like' manner, no one who knew 'Hebe' ever doubted his pluck and daring. Old hands in India, who liked the boy, took some trouble to keep him out of unnecessary peril, wherein he was perpetually wont to thrust himself; and would have taken an extra risk or so upon themselves cheerfully enough to save him from getting his beauty spoilt. In truth he was as laughingly reckless, as languidly careless of danger, as cool, and as full of dash when the right moment came, as ever was Cavalier, or Mousquetaire Gris.

And yet to-night he shrank, as he had never shrunk when it was merely his life that was in question, from 'having it out with the Don' about Gertie, and was fain to smoke steadily on and hold his tongue.

After all, it would do just as well in a day or two, when he should perhaps know his fate from her lips. Yes; he would take the next chance she gave him, and tell all to her.

And, vexed with much taking of thought—about as strange a task to him as picking oakum,—poor 'Hebe' drank his B and S, and, when his pipe was empty, took himself off to bed to sleep upon the only determination he could come to.

'I say, Dar,' Gertie Fairfax said next morning, as she came into the breakfast-room where the two men were fortifying themselves for the hard work of 'the first'; 'I say, Dar, I've just had a note from Flora Hoddesdon. She wants us all to come and lunch at The Place, instead of pic-nicking in the wood, as we arranged last night.'

'Oh, does she?' Dar responded, with his mouth full of toast and caviare; 'well, what will you do?'

'Go, I suppose. It's very kind of her, you know; but it would have been better fun on the grass than in the Hoddesdon dining-room. However, we can't refuse. Nell and

I will drive over about one; you and Mr. Brabazon will be there by that time, of course?'

'Of course,' Mr. Brabazon responded, wishing it were one now, and all well.

'Don't know about of course, "Hebe,"' Dar said; 'we've all our work to do to get there, anyhow. You'd better leave "the Childe" at home to-day, Gertie. Vere will be *hors-de-combat* by lunch-time, and you and Fée must take charge of him, and bring him back with you in the phaeton.'

Vere tugged at his moustache, and glanced dubiously at his unconscious host, who was filling a double-sized pocket-flask at the sideboard with a certain curaçoa-punch he affected.

Gertie laughed, and blushed a little.

'I'm afraid Mr. Brabazon will find "the Childe's" perch an uneasy seat for a weary chasseur! Hadn't we better send over an ambulance in the shape of a brougham?'

'Never mind the brougham, Miss Fairfax, thank you!' poor 'Hebe' said, who in his then state of mind thought Gertie's innocent *raillerie* abominably unkind. 'If I do break down I can manage to get back without that, or without over-weighting your ponies, either. Never mind me, you know!'

'Oh, very well!' Gertie answered, wondering what was the matter with him.

And then 'the Don,' who had been nearly out of ear-shot of this little conversation, having completed the filling of his flask, announced that it was time to start; and Vere had to rise and follow his leader.

The birds were plentiful and not too wild, and 'the Don' had made a very satisfactory bag by the time the two came in sight of The Place, close upon one o'clock.

'I suppose we must go up,' Dar said; 'they'll be waiting lunch for us. Though, as Gertie said, it would have been more fun down here, and we should save time besides,' he added, handing over his breech-loader and paraphernalia to the attendant keepers, who had been

in silent ecstasies all the morning at the major's shooting; and who, nodding approval at the line his master indicated for the afternoon, went off with Gaiters, a *confrère* in the Hoddesdon's service, to be hospitably entertained in the servants' hall.

'Very fair bag, ain't it?' Dar observed, as they walked up the drive, 'considering we haven't been over the best of the ground yet.'

'Oh! haven't we?' 'Hebe' responded, wearily. And then; 'By Jove! there they are!' with sudden animation.

'Who? ah! Gertie and Flora.'

The two girls were standing at the swing-gate at the top of the drive, waiting for our friends' coming; and all four walked on together towards the house.

'Where's Fée?' Dar asked of his sister, who was following a little in rear of himself and Flora, with Vere by her side.

'Who's Fée?' asked Flora Hoddesdon.

'She wouldn't come, just at the last,' Gertie said; 'she'd a headache, and was afraid of the sun.'

'The Don' gave the black moustache a twirl, but said nothing.

'And who's Fée?' repeated Flora, watching him sharply out of her black eyes.

'Don't you know?' Dar responded; 'my cousin, Helen Treherne.'

'Oh! Helen Treherne. What a strange sobriquet, isn't it?'

'Not at all, I think, for her. How is Mrs. Hoddesdon?'

And nothing more was said about Fée.

During lunch Flora tried to discover if things were to go on as heretofore between Dar and herself; whether she was to be allowed to take up her parable where it had been broken off; or whether it was to be considered as having come to an end.

She was wise in her generation, Miss Hoddesdon.

She would have liked very much indeed to marry Daryl Fairfax; she would have infinitely preferred him to many a really better *parti*; and she had done her deadliest to win

him that last season. But if it was not to be she was prepared to say '*kismet*!' quietly—to hold her tongue, and give utterance to no indiscreet lamentations. If the bow-string should break and the shaft so carefully aimed fall short, Flora wasn't one to tear her hair (in these days of *chignons* and false *nattes* that might have been an awkward business); she had another string all ready, and was quite able and willing to fit it on, and without loss of time proceed to try again. There was a successor to 'the Don' marked down even now; though kept in *petto* till he should be wanted. It was Flora's game to find out if the second string were likely to be required. She tattled a good deal to Dar with this intent, and got very small hope or encouragement from that individual, who was feeling rather aggrieved, somehow, at Helen's absence.

Altogether, when he rose at last to go, she had come to the conclusion (not without a little pang or two, for poor Flora was, after all, no worse than the rest of her kind, and she did like Dar more than very much) that string No. 2 would have to be used after all.

She bore her disappointment pluckily enough—it wasn't her custom, as she said herself, to give in under punishment—and she wished Dar good-bye, and good sport with a nod and a smile as usual, and then turned back to press Gertie to stay an hour or two longer.

Gertie was a few yards off on the croquet-lawn, pretending, as she tried to fasten the button of her driving-glove, not to see Vere Brabazon coming towards her. Observing which, Flora, who was fairly good-natured *au fond*, thought better of her intention; and went indoors, and had a long inspection of herself before her cheval-glass previously to making her preparations for fitting on her second string forthwith.

'Why not?' she muttered aloud; 'he cares nothing for me. Never has, I suppose. I was a fool to think he ever meant anything. I should be a greater fool still if I wasted any more time over him.'

And Guy seems eager enough. And he's as good a *parti* as Dar, after all—or better. And yet—! And then Miss Hoddesdon shook herself together impatiently, and stamped a neat little Balmoral-booted foot upon the floor, hard.

Meanwhile Gertie, on the lawn, hadn't succeeded in buttoning that obstinate gauntlet yet. Vere was close beside her now, and she had to look up.

'Oh! Mr. Brabazon,' she said, demurely, holding out her wrist to him as she spoke, and not forgetting to notice how eagerly 'Hebe's' fingers closed upon it, 'might I ask you to button this tiresome glove for me?'

Vere was a long time about it, and as it seemed he had nothing to say, she was obliged to speak again.

'You know Dar is gone, I suppose? Don't you care for the afternoon birds?'

'Detest the walking so!' he answered. 'If I might have a pony I shouldn't mind so much. But "the Don" calls that sort of thing unportsmanlike, and so I have to trudge through these never-ending stubbles in these awful things,' he continued, glancing down ruefully at his shooting-boots.

'I suppose you haven't ordered the ambulance for me, Miss Fairfax?' he said, presently, doing penance, as it were, for his little speech in the breakfast-room, that morning.

'No!' said Gertie, sternly—he had buttoned the refractory gauntlet by this time—'you didn't deserve it!'

'I know that!' pleaded 'Hebe'; 'I misunderstood. I thought you were laughing at me, you know!'

'Laughing at you? I don't understand, Mr. Brabazon!'

'About my shutting up so soon, and that.'

'What nonsense! you ought to have known better. And now I suppose you mean to walk back to Laureston?'

'Well, yes. I shall get there somehow, you know, unless—'

'Unless what?'

'Unless you will consent to depose "the Childe," for once; and take me back on his perch?'

'As if you could sit there!' Gertie laughed. 'No, I can't consent to depose "the Childe." But you may have Nell's place, if you like.'

'May I? What, boots and all?'

'Boots and all. Will you?'

'Won't I?'

'Then come and say good-bye to Mrs. Hoddesdon and Flora,' and she rang for the ponies.

Dancing, and shaking their wilful little heads, under the guidance of 'the Childe,' in whom skill supplied the place of strength, Damon and Pythias came round to the door in due time.

'The gates are open below, Flory?'

Gertie said, just before they started, to Miss Hoddesdon, who stood on the steps in her walking dress watching them off, and thinking how grateful Vere ought to be to her for leaving them to themselves all that time on the lawn.

'Yes, they know you're coming,' Flora answered; 'they seem awfully fresh, don't they?' she continued, as the ponies began 'backing and filling,' in their disgust at this colloquy.

'Always are!' Gertie responded, fingering her reins, and nodding to 'the Childe' to let them go; 'they don't get half enough work, poor things. Good-bye!'

And the light phaeton shot like a whirlwind down the drive, and round the sharp corner into a road which led them across the common, and then, by a *détour*, back into the main highway to Laureston.

There was a shorter route, but the ponies being so short of work, Miss Fairfax chose the longer on this occasion. Perhaps, too, she thought that at the rate they were going they would get home quite soon enough, notwithstanding the *détour*.

If she didn't, Vere did. And as he lay back lazily on his cushions, watching his companion under his long eyelashes, he began to wish the distance were doubled at least.

For Gertie was so taken up with the management of her pets that he felt she could hardly be expected to listen to him at present, and half-a-dozen miles could be got over only too quickly. Perforce he held his



tongue, then; not altogether sorry to hold back a while longer from putting his fortune to the touch and winning or losing all, and happy enough in his propinquity to her. So they rolled along, without speaking, at rather an alarming pace for a nervous individual, the light phaeton swaying sharply now and then from side to side in a decidedly ominous manner, and the ponies going so free that it was an open question whether they had bolted or not.

If it hadn't been that both the occupants of the pony-chaise had reasons of their own for not wishing what ought to have been a pleasant *tête-à-tête* to be brought sooner than need be to an end, I believe they would have enjoyed the excitement of the pace thoroughly. As it was, Gertie was wishing her companion would offer to take a pull at the rebels, though she couldn't bring herself to admit they had got out of her hand already, and Vere was wondering whether he dared do that thing.

'Looks deuced like a bolt!' he thought. 'Shouldn't like to tell her so yet, though. She thinks she can manage these little beggars; and, by Jove! she does handle 'em beautifully. What a darling she is! and how I wish we were only going slow enough for me to tell her so. I think I could do it now. They'll sober down a bit, perhaps, after this hill, and then—'

And 'Hebe's' languid pulse began to quicken at the thought of what he meant to screw his courage to do then.

Gertie's little hands meanwhile were growing stiff and livid with the strain upon them. Her numbed fingers were clenched desperately on the thin white reins they could hardly feel, but by some ill chance the Hoddesdon groom had shifted them from lower-bar to cheek when the ponies had been put-to again at The Place.

'How stupid of Drake not to see to that!' poor Gertie thought, as they began to rise the short, sharp hill that lay between them and the open common. 'I can't hold them a bit! They must be running away!

And those gravel-pits on the common!' And, for all her pluck, Miss Fairfax turned a little pale when she remembered them.

On the other side of the rise they were swinging up now, the road, within half-a-mile, debouched on to a waste, through which ran the deep-rutted track of the heavy carts used in carrying away the gravel from the pits on either side.

Once in this cart-track, and it would take little, at the pace they were going, to bring about a catastrophe. Their only chance, she knew, was to stop the runaways before they quitted the comparatively smooth main road.

Already the hedges were gliding by with a rapidity that made her feel sick and giddy—already her strength was exhausted, and Pythias had followed Damon's example, and, with a jerk of his obstinate little head at the fast-slackening reins, had got the bit fairly between his teeth. There was no help for it; she must confess herself beaten, and ask Vere to help her.

She turned her head towards him, as, ignorant of their common danger, and indolently reckless by nature, 'Hebe' lay back watching her, and speculating as to when she would have had enough of it, or the ponies would become amenable.

'Will you try and stop them, please?' Gertie said, at last. 'I—I think they must be running away, do you know.'

'I've been thinking so for some time,' Vere responded, tranquilly, as he took the reins from her; 'only the road seemed all clear, and you didn't seem to mind, and I was afraid you'd be angry if I told you. Good God! what's the matter?' he cried, his voice losing suddenly all its wonted languor, as he saw her sink back pale and trembling. 'You're not afraid, I know; besides, they can't go another mile at this pace.'

They had reached the top of the hill by this time. The waste land, scarred here and there, right and left of the rough road that ran through it, with rents and chasms that were visible even now, lay before them, a gentle descent of per-

haps half a mile intervening. Gertie pointed forward.

'The gravel-pits, yonder!' she said. 'Can you stop them? There is just time, I think.'

'Hebe' saw it all then—measured the danger, and rose to it, as he had done to greater peril than this, only then it was his own life, not hers, he had had to look to.

He gripped the slender white reins, taking a turn round each hand, and wondered if they were likely to bear the strain. Then he gave Gertie one look that said a good deal.

'Sit still, Miss Fairfax,' he said, 'whatever happens. I think it will be all right. They're running quite straight now; and I shall try and turn them on to the bank on the off-side. We may go over, but it's our best chance.'

Down the slope they rushed faster than ever—the danger was nearing at every stride.

Vere couldn't help looking at his companion again—there was just time for that before he made his effort.

She was very pale, and her hands were clasped tightly together. But there was never a sign or trace of fear upon her face, nor in the eyes she turned to meet his.

'I'm not afraid, Vere,' she said, calling him by his name at that moment unconsciously; 'I can trust to you.'

'That's right!' he muttered, with something that sounded very like 'darling'; 'trust to me. Remember, I shall turn them on to the off-side. Hold firm!'

There was little time to lose now. They were very near the end of the descent, and Vere had to take the first chance that offered—a slight bend in the road, that gave him an advantage. With a sudden, vigorous pull on the off-rein, he got the runaways' heads towards the hedge at a point where the bank was lowest; and, unable to stop themselves, the ponies had to charge the quick-set. The jerk of the pole flung one offender on his knees, the phaeton gave a tremendous lurch, and only just did not go over. And then Vere was lifting Gertie from it in

his arms; and 'the Childe,' who had behaved splendidly throughout, was at the heads of the discomfited pair, and all danger was over. Whereupon Miss Fairfax did what she never remembered doing in all her life before, and fainted dead away. Horribly scared at the deadly pallor on her face, 'Hebe' despatched 'the Childe' for assistance to the nearest cottage, and then, not knowing what on earth to do, deposited his charge tenderly on the carriage cushions, which he had flung out upon the bank, and began to adjure her passionately to speak to him, if only one word.

Some minutes elapsed before poor Gertie recovered consciousness. But presently the faint colour came back to her face; her eyes opened; and she saw Vere hanging over her with a look of such pitiable helplessness and concern on his usually *insouciant* visage that almost made her laugh, even then; while her ears caught his devout expression of relief and thankfulness.

She said nothing just at that moment, but the little hand he was chafing so tenderly between his own wasn't drawn away; and Vere seemed quite content with that.

By-and-by 'the Childe' came back. But the help he brought with him in the shape of a comely cotter's wife was no longer needed. Gertie professed herself quite right again, and quite ready to start.

So 'Hebe' put her carefully back into the phaeton, and took the reins himself this time, without a word of objection from her, and then they started.

At a foot pace over the rough road across the common, the yawning gravel-pits making Gertie shiver and close her eyes, and looking uncommonly ugly, even to Vere's careless glance, as he thought what might have happened to his wilful love by this time if she had been alone; and at a sober trot along the green lanes on the other side, the ponies thoroughly discomfited and ashamed, and scarcely needing Vere's firm hand over them. And so to Laureston.

Little was said by either on the way.

He felt it was no time to speak the words that had been trembling on his lips an hour before, and Gertie's heart was too full for any idle talk just now.

Once she had put out her hand to him, and—they were on the terrace then—striven to utter collected words of thanks. But her voice had faltered strangely, and the warm tears would start unbidden into her dark eyes, usually so full of laughter and badinage. So she had left her gratitude unspoken, and had gone off to tell the story of her adventure to 'my lady,' leaving Vere, though, happier than he had been for many a long day, with the sound of his own name, as she had breathed it, lingering divinely in his ears.

Meanwhile, the birds in the out-lying fields had been put up, and knocked over to 'the Don's' entire satisfaction. Hodges, the Laureston keeper, chary of praise as he was, granted assent to the major's remark, that, on the whole, to-day was about as good a 'first' as he had known, while he received over the latter's equipment once more; and Dar prepared for a sharp walk home across the fields.

'Wonder why Fée didn't come to lunch to-day?' he soliloquised, between little clouds of blue tobacco smoke, as he tramped through the crackling stubble on his way back, alone. 'I suppose the headache was a headache; or perhaps Gertie has been putting some nonsense into her head about Flora, and she was afraid of being *de trop*. There's nothing more annoying than for outsiders to imagine there's anything between oneself and a woman when there isn't, and when, as in this case, there won't be either. Flora! why she's carried on the game she's been trying with me with half-a-dozen fellows already. I don't mean to be my wife's *pis-aller*, if I know it, by Jove!'

He stopped a moment to knock the ashes out of his pipe, and to replenish it, here.

On the farther side of the field he was crossing lay the road that ran from The Place to Laureston. Bordered by a close-clipped hedge, side

by side upon the footpath, walking very leisurely, two people came in sight while Dar was striking his vesuvian and getting his fresh pipe fairly under way.

The one nearest the hedge, a woman, kept her face slightly turned from it, and towards her companion (a tall, dashing, and unmistakeable Plunger, in spite of his round hat and pékin shooting-jacket), who, with his horse's bridle over his arm, lounged along quite contentedly.

When his meerschaum was blazing away again 'the Don' turned to resume his march. As he did so, the tall figure on the footpath (which ran parallel with the line he was taking) caught his eye.

'What's Guy Devereux doing here?' he thought, carelessly. He knew the man at once—a major on the cavalry staff at Maidlow, who had once served in his own corps.

'And who's the woman he's flirting with so heavily?'

Just then Guy Devereux's incognita turned her face almost fully towards him, and consequently away from Dar. The sinking sun lit up something in her hat. A long white feather, the same 'the Don' had stood watching the evening before at the Baddingley Station, when La Fée Blanche drove away with his sister.

'That's it, is it?' Dar ejaculated. 'There's no mistaking that white feather. We're carrying on a little game with that fellow Devereux, are we? A secret little game, it seems, since we resort to *migraine* and solitary walks. Little fool you are, Fée. You don't know Guy as I do, or I doubt you'd trust him quite so far. I'd better drop down on them, I think.'

And 'the Don' half turned out of his course to put his thought into practice.

The pair on the footpath, however, were either aware of him or dreaded interruption from other quarters, for they quitted the high road for a green lane that ran into it just there, and were out of sight at once.

Dar checked himself with his hard smile, curving the ends of his moustache the while, and went straight on his way.

'What am I about?' he muttered aloud: 'what business is it of mine? I suppose Fée can take care of herself. I don't like the mystery of the thing, though. Pleading a headache to compass a *tête-à-tête* with a man like Guy Devereux don't exactly look well. Hardly like her, I should have said. But then she never expected to be recognized at this time of day. She oughtn't to have shown that white feather. Bah! She's a woman! Why the devil should I be surprised at anything of this sort?'

I dare say he succeeded in persuading himself that he was not surprised in the least before he reached Laureston. But he debated, *chemin faisant*, as to whether he ought to tell Helen what he had seen, and whether, as a simple matter of duty, he oughtn't to tell her, besides, something of the man in whose compromising company he had seen her.

'If she cares for him,' he argued, 'all I can say will be rather worse than useless. If she don't, why is she walking with him in country lanes alone at this hour, when she's supposed to be a victim to *migraine* indoors?'

On the whole Dar came to the conclusion that it would be better to bide his time and not interfere at present.

Devereux, for aught he knew, might have won the right to play *cavalier seul*. And yet, why on earth should she make a mystery of what might be harmless and natural enough? It was the mystery, of course, which he found so unpleasant. He hadn't given Helen—whom, cynic as he was, he couldn't bring himself to think hardly of so soon—he hadn't given Cousin Helen credit for this turn for petty plotting. Gertie might be able, perhaps, to tell him something which would explain all.

When, ten minutes later, he had mounted the terrace steps, Gertie, who had been lying in wait for him there, came upon him unawares, and *did* tell him something which he had been a long way from over dreaming of.

Vere Brabazon's time had come

at last, it seemed. When Gertie had come down stairs after rendering account of what had befallen her to 'my lady,' and had tutored her voice to tell him coherently and steadily that which was but indeed his due, then 'Hebe' knew that if he were to speak at all it should be now. So, once again, the old, old story that is ever new was whispered into eager-listening ears; and when it was ended the teller felt that it had not been told in vain.

This was the news which Gertie had undertaken to break to Dar.

'The Don' received it with his usual tranquillity, though he was rather surprised, and said he supposed children would be children, and made rather light of it, till his pet's eyes began to flash a little under his badinage; and then he put his arm round her and kissed her, and told her (in that changed voice few but his sister and his mother ever heard, and even they not often) that it pleased him well to know she loved the man who was to himself as a brother already, and to whom he could trust even one so dear to him as she was.

'Dar! Dar! how kind you are to me,' murmured Gertie, through her happy tears, as her head rested on his broad shoulder. She knew how much these few fond words meant, coming from one like him.

Then she took him off to 'my lady,' to put the matter in the best light for the maternal eyes.

'My lady' heard what both had got to say; and then, with a pleased smile that belied her words, told her daughter that was rather absurd, and so forth; that she ought to marry a *prince-parti*, like Penruthyn or Polwheal; that she and Vere were a pair of foolish children; and that if they insisted on marrying for love they must be prepared for all sorts of terrible consequences. But 'my lady's' only condition was that her *beau-fils* to be should leave the army and settle down with his wife in the vacant Dower House in the Park, the fact being that 'my lady' had taken a great fancy to 'Hebe' from the first—possibly because her own Dar had risked his life to save the boy's—and that she

had, I fear, mesdames, rather heterodox notions of what constitutes a good match.

It was evidently all right; for Gertie presently ordered Vere off to dress before time, his presence being required in 'my lady's' morning-room so soon as that operation should be completed, from which apartment Mr. Brabazon issued forth, half an hour or so later, radiant and happy, leading his hostess down stairs to the drawing-room.

That night all whom it might immediately concern were aware that Gertie Fairfax and Vere Brabazon, of 'Ours,' were engaged, with the cordial approval of the powers that were.

Helen Treherne had the whole story of their loves poured into her ears as she and her cousin sat together in the latter's room, during the pleasant half-hour before Pincot and dressing.

'He's to leave the army, of course,' Gertie said; 'I should never be let to go out there with him, you know. Oh! if Dar would only find me a sister-in-law and sell out too, I should have nothing left to wish for. It's horrible to think he's going out again in December.'

'Perhaps he won't go out again, who knows?' Helen said.

'He will unless——. Why, he's talking of it already, and it's barely twenty-four hours since he came. It will take some one stronger than the Madre and me to keep him in England, Nell.'

'Well, isn't there Flora Hodgesdon?'

'Flora?' Gertie shook her little head very wisely. 'It won't be Flora, Nell, you'll see. I watched them to-day at luncheon. Either it never was she, or it's some one else now. It's all over between them.'

'Vrai?' Helen asked.

'I'm sure of it. I only wish I were as sure about the some one else. And so the headache's better, dear?'

'Oh! yes; it's quite well now,' Helen affirmed.

It was never very bad, I believe, that *migraine* with which Cousin Helen had chosen to afflict herself that afternoon. 'The Don' perhaps

had hit on its true cause when he put it down, rather egotistically, to a desire on Fée's part not to be *de trop* at The Place under certain probable circumstances. Anyhow, Helen went away to her own room, after her conversation with Gertie, perfectly convalescent.

The lovers spent the evening on the terrace in the moonlight romantically enough. When Dar came into the Long Drawing-room after dinner he found Helen all alone at the piano playing Chopin to herself; 'my lady' he had just quitted, established on her sofa in her own chamber again.

'Why didn't you drive over with Gertie, Fée?' 'the Don' asked, as he came up to his cousin. 'She said you'd a headache. The drive would have done you good.'

'I think it would now,' she answered; 'but I thought I was better at home. It was fortunate I didn't go, wasn't it? It's awful to think what might have happened to poor Gertie if only I, instead of Mr. Brabazon, had been with her.'

He paused after this a little while before he asked her,

'But you went out somewhere, to-day?'

She never noticed the slight inflection in his voice that might have told her this was no such idle question, from his lips, as it seemed.

'Yes. In the park; for about an hour, at sundown. Major Devereux called here; and I went out after he was gone.'

'I see,' Dar said, 'and only into the park? no further?'

'I was alone, you know. Why do you ask?'

She lifted her face to his as she spoke, and met his gaze unflinchingly.

'She does it well!' he thought; 'she must know what I mean, even if she didn't recognize me when she was with him. I am not to interfere, I suppose.'

Then he replied aloud, 'I fancied I saw you as I came home, that's all! at least I did see your white feather in the distance.'

'When?' Helen asked, smiling. The smile seemed to stab him.

'On the road between this and The Place—about ten minutes from the lower lodge. Of course I was mistaken.'

'Of course!' she answered; 'I wasn't out of sight of the terrace all the afternoon.'

'And who wears a hat like yours here?' he questioned rather suddenly. A very simple idea had just occurred to him.

'No one but Gertie, that I know of,' Helen said; 'I believe my toque to be unique down here. Gertie's feather is black, you know.'

'It was a white feather I saw,' he said, watching her keenly, and thinking again how well she did it. 'And it was yours—I could have sworn.'

'Strange!' laughed Helen.

'My mistake, of course!' Dar said. And said no more.

But as he sat alone that night in his own room, smoking over his log-fire, it seemed quite clear to him that she meant to keep her own counsel, and that he had no right to interfere. Right? What was she to him, or he to her? There might be a hundred reasons why she should walk with Guy Devereux *tête-à-tête*, of which he knew, and could know, nothing. He hadn't, indeed, given her credit for so much diplomatic *rouerie* and *sang-froid*. But what grounds had he for thinking she was incapable of either? He hadn't seen her since she was a child. The child was a woman now; and how much faith in her kind had his experience taught him?

Daryl Fairfax grew quite as his wonted cynical self again, over his last pipe that night.

He had settled, he persuaded himself, in his own mind that his philosophy was the true one.

The days came and went. There was little outward change in his manners towards Cousin Helen—he didn't call her Fée now—but she at least felt sometimes that the Cousin Dar of the old time had altered more than she had at first imagined. And not for the better.

Since that first night on the terrace they had spent others there; and Helen Treherne was fain to confess, not without a strange, sharp

pang, that her hero could be harsh, and bitter, and unjust, like an ordinary mortal.

Only, that if he had been the ordinary mortal, she wouldn't have cared much for the discovery. But being what he was—her hero since she could remember him—she did care a good deal.

'The Don' was growing angry with himself and with her. Twice since that first time—twice ere the first days of October—the white feather had gleamed before his eyes as he neared home; and both times in the attendant cavalier he had recognized Guy Devereux.

Both times, too, something—he could hardly define the feeling—had prevented him from setting all doubt at rest, and making certainty doubly sure. He had no right. What was she to him? Ah! more than he had ever dreamed a woman could be—more than he would have acknowledged to himself then.

Helen and he were left much alone together just now. 'My lady' was an invalid, and Gertie and her lover had plenty to occupy them. And one night, when he had argued himself into the belief that he could talk on the subject gently and firmly and wisely, as became one who stood towards her in the relationship he did, Dar, at last, spoke words which first astonished, and then wounded and angered Helen sorely.

It don't much matter what they were to us; but when he and his cousin parted for the night, the one felt they were words it would be very hard to forget or to forgive; the other, that he had been wrong in uttering them at all—wrong in thinking she would trust him—a fool for holding her what, in spite of all till now, in his heart of hearts, he had held her to be. Another month passed; and 'the Don' began to think of his preparations for going out next mail to rejoin. It was the first week in November; he could catch the Marseilles steamer of the tenth.

So he told them one morning that he was going. It was sooner than he need go. But what was there



to stay longer for? Certainly not to witness the *dénouement* of that mysterious affair between Helen and Guy Devereux. Better, he thought, that he should be miles away if that was to end as he believed it would.

So he wouldn't see the silent, wistful pleading of 'my lady's' face; she was too proud to ask her son to stay in England for her sake; so he made light of poor Gertie's entreaties; and misconstrued Helen's sudden pallor, and the look that in her own despite came into the dark violet eyes, so true, though as he thought so false, when they learned his resolve. And yet had she been all he remembered, all he had once thought her, it might have been different. It wouldn't have been so hard to give up the excitement of his soldier's life, and the brilliant work 'Ours' was doing far away up in the 'north-west,' if he had found the dream which, hard, and cynical, and selfish as he might be, he had dreamed once realized in Cousin Helen.

But that was not to be. And he hardened his heart, bitterly. Hardened it against those he loved, and those who loved him. One there was who loved him more than they all—one whose love he was flinging blindly away—who had deemed that words of his had wronged her past forgiveness; but who felt all anger die in her when she knew she was so soon to lose him.

For he was her hero—unworthy of her perhaps, as he was, and, to her, greater, better, nobler than all others.

If he had misjudged her, she couldn't hate him. If he had wronged her, she could pardon. For through all she loved him.

It was a cruel, hard time for 'La Fée Blanche,' those last few days of 'the Don's' stay at Laureston. But it was almost worse for him.

Have you ever known how—

'To be wrath with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain?'

He was wroth with her; though even when at the Maidlow ball she gave Guy Devereux the valse she

had kept for him, and which he wouldn't ask for, and his jealousy had found confirmation of all his suspicions in the Plunger's bearing towards her; even when he called her frankness towards himself something worse than falsehood, when he tried to hate, he loved her most.

And now they were to part, sundered by a doubt, a suspicion, that seemed flimsy enough, but which to this man was irrefutable.

He thought of this that afternoon which was to be his last at Laureston as he walked along a narrow path in the Pleasance, his feet rustling among the sere yellow leaves that lay thick upon the ground.

It was a favourite lounge for outdoor smoking purposes, that little skilfully-arranged wood which bounded the deer-park on one side, and stretched away for a mile or so in the direction of The Place.

Dar strolled moodily along, his hands in the pockets of his shooting-jacket, and the smoke from his *brûte-gueule* curling in blue clouds in the still, mild air.

It might be the last time he should ever walk there; to-morrow he would be gone. In his bitterness of spirit he wished he had never come to Laureston, never seen her face—never, as little by little he had done, learned to love her with the last love of his life.

Proof-armoured, as they who knew him best would have deemed him, he had gone down before a woman's weapons like another man; had been tricked by a fair face, and a false smile, and lying lips, and treacherous eyes, like even unto those at whom he had been wont to make mock. Vanquished? 'No! not quite!' he muttered between his teeth, set hard on the amber mouth-piece. 'She don't know of this cursed folly. It'll be my own fault if she ever does. It's all over now. She and I will never meet again. Bah! Am I a child, to be as weak as this?' And Dar laughed bitterly.

On a sudden his face changed, and, with a curse, he halted, and drove his heel savagely into the turf.

Half-a-dozen paces from him, with its bridle flung over a leafless branch,

watching him out of its great, deep eyes, stood a horse he knew only too well. It was 'Ravenswing,' Guy Devereux's charger. The rider could not be far off. What was he doing here? 'The Don' guessed easily enough.

His right hand clenched, as though he would have liked to dash it in Devereux's face — this man, for whose sake Helen, his Helen, had stooped to falsehood and deceit—in a paroxysm of jealous rage worthy of the love-mania of a boy. That was soon over. Men who have lived his life, if they can't exorcise, at least learn to keep in hand the devil they know to be within them. And the look that was not good to see only just swept across 'the Don's' face, and left the hard smile a little harder under the black moustache.

But this time, at all events, he would meet her face to face. He had not long to wait.

Standing a little back from the winding pathway, hidden by the gnarled trunk of the king oak, already he could see the gleam of the white feather, as the wearer of the velvet toque he knew so well came towards him, in close and confidential converse with Devereux the Plunger.

He set his teeth hard, and stood motionless as the trunk he leaned against.

'Ravenswing' pricked his ears, and whinnied, as his master came round the last turn of the path; and Dar lifted his eyes then and saw—what made him start and pale to the very lips.

He saw the velvet toque, and the long white feather, and the long streamers floating behind; but instead of Helen Treherne's fair hair, it was Flora Hodgeson's dark braids that curled beneath it—her face, and not his cousin's, that he looked upon.

Laughing lightly at something Guy was saying to her, Flora passed by, and stood patting the horse's arching neck when the rider was in the saddle, and exchanging a tender adieu ere he rode away. Then, after one quick glance about her, Flora moved off in her turn, and Dar was alone with his discovery. The

simple truth was plain at last. This was the shadow his cynicism and mistrust had let him make a reality; this was the miserable cause of the wrong he had done the woman he had learned to love—done, not so much by the words he had spoken, as by the thoughts he had thought of her. This wretched error was driving him from her now—had, perhaps, sundered them for ever.

I don't think I need tell you all that passed through his mind as he walked back—all the feelings of self-reproach, regret, repentance, not unmingled with something akin to happiness. There was happiness for him at least in this, that Fée had never merited the ill he had dared think of her by word or deed; that she had been right, and he wrong. This much he would tell her before he left Laureston, and ask of her what it was his wont to ask of none—forgiveness.

He found her presently in the library, and alone. He opened the door so noiselessly that she never raised her head. She was sitting on a low seat before the flickering wood fire, half in the light, half in the shadow, bending a little forward, her chin resting on her hand.

At her feet lay Dar's bloodhound, 'Odin,' watching her with loving, wistful eyes.

The other end of the long oak-panelled room, where Dar stood, was all in semi-darkness, and, by the gleam of the burning brands, he could see every detail of the picture before him. He could see the shimmer of Fée's golden hair as the light fell on it; he could see the pale, sad look upon her fair face; the fitful flash of the opals in a ring, his gift, which she wore upon the hand that rested on 'Odin's' head.

He saw and marked all this as he stopped a moment near the doorway, still and silent, feeling, by the keenness of his remorse, how great was the wrong he had done her, even in his love. But the bloodhound moved uneasily, conscious of his master's presence there; and Helen, roused from her reverie, turned and looked towards him.

Then Dar came out of the dark-

ness into the light, and she saw who it was.

She rose hurriedly, as if to go, while he was bending over his dog, as though he had barely noticed her.

'Don't go, Féé! Dar said, when she had moved a step or two from him. 'Don't run away from me! I've something to tell you, if you will listen to me.'

The old name, the old tone. What did it mean? She had stopped when he spoke, and waited, without a word, for him to go on. And he went on, and made his atonement—such atonement as he could—and his confession unflinchingly, leaning his arm upon the high, carved mantelpiece, and with his eyes fixed upon her face, trying to read his sentence there. And so Helen learned at last what had been keeping them so long asunder.

'Fée, can you forgive me?'

She answered him never a word, but she gave him her hand—the hand that wore the opal ring.

Then Dar spoke again, with all the passion that was in him. And Féé learned something more—something that made full amends to her for all the misery of those last days.

He was telling her—her hero, whom she thought to part from so miserably on the morrow—that he loved her; asking so eagerly, so passionately, with look and voice so changed she hardly knew him, if she could trust herself, after all, to him and his love for the time to come; asking if he should go or stay. Slowly, as his strong right arm closed round and clasped her to him, the golden head sank down upon his shoulder, till her face, sad and pale no longer, was half hidden from him there; and, as he bent over her, the answer to all his pleading came in these low-whispered words—

'Stay, for me, Dar! I have loved you all my life!'

And here, I think, had better end the story of the White Feather.

'RUY.'

## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

IT is no uncommon thing with folks of an ingenious turn to make 'capital,' as the saying is, out of what at first sight seems calamity. As, for instance, a friend of mine, an Alpine traveller, and an indefatigable naturalist, whilst on a journey of exploration in his favourite mountainous region, one night retired to his couch exhausted by the fatigues of march and faint for sleep. It was denied him, however. Not that 'Nature's soft nurse' was ill-disposed towards him; not that his conscience was ill at ease; not that he had supped rashly or inordinately. It was because he was wanted for supper. That ravenous monster, the Alpine flea, but meagrely fed through many months on hardy herdsman and chamois hunters, sniffed his tender carcase, and without even the warning of 'fo-fo-flum,' fell on him from the roof rafters, and commenced his savage and sanguinary repast. A man of common mind and courage would

have engaged the enemy until exhausted, and then yielded at discretion. Not so my friend. He struck a light, and calculating his chances of a night's rest, and finding the balance heavily against him, he coolly dressed himself, and unpacking his microscopical instruments, selected and impaled a few of the largest and finest of his tormentors, and passed a pleasant and profitable night in investigating the peculiarities of the form and structure of *pulex irritans*. There is no knowing how much of ingenuity dwells in the human brain till it is pressed between the hard mill-stones of necessity. Before now, despairing captives have beguiled the tedium of dungeon life by a study of the habits and manners of the very rats which at first were so much their horror and aversion.

I have an enemy more tormenting than any flea that ever hopped—more voracious than the rat, inasmuch as he feeds not on my bread

and my cheese, but on my brain. I have little mouths to fill, and little feet to cover, and little backs to clothe; I have house-rent to pay, and water-rate; I have to contribute shillings and pounds towards the maintenance of the poor, and the police, and the main drainage; I have to provide against the visit of the income-tax collector; and to meet these various demands, being a scribbler of the hard-working sort, I am compelled to set my pen dancing over the paper with considerable rapidity and perseverance. And I am very willing to do so. I am willing to sit down in the morning early as any tailor or cobbler, and make my hay while the sun shines. But this my tormentor forbids. He, too, has hay to make while the sun shines. He makes his hay out of my green hopes, sapped and withered; he grinds my brain to make him bread. He bestrides my sober pen, all sudden and unexpected, as it is plodding industriously over the paper, and sets it jigging to the tune of 'Hop Light Loo' or the 'Ratecatcher's Daughter.' He fills the patient, well-intentioned quill with the jingling idiocy common in the mouths of banjo-playing, bonerattling Sambos and Mumbos, and turns the common sense about to be uttered by it into twaddle and profitless nonsense. He breaks into my storehouse of thought and turns its contents topsy-turvy. He seizes my golden hours, and condemns them to a lingering and horrible death, mauling them and pulling them into flinders, and leaving me to make the best I may of the few minutes his monkey mischief has left entire. The name of this blowfly in my larder, this weevil in my meal-jar, is Organ Grinder.

It is, of course, well known to me that, in accordance with a recent Act of Parliament, I am at liberty to set the engine of law in motion to crush the organ man if he annoys me; but there is a power much greater than any Act of Parliament ever passed and backed by it. My tormentor may grin defiance at his arch-enemy, Bass. No less true than paradoxical, the superior power in question consists in a weakness—the

weakness inherent in every free-born Englishman, to succour all such as he may find downtrodden and driven to the wall. Why downtrodden is a question which the noble-minded Briton never stops to inquire. It is enough that a poor fellow is down, to enlist for him the Briton's heartiest sympathies. Never mind how richly he may have merited the shoulder hit that laid him low, he has only to groan plaintively as he lies in the mire—to whine a little, and beseech pity, and a hundred hands are stretched forth to lift him up, and a hundred mouths are opened to cry 'Poor fellow!' There is ointment for his bruises in shape of a gathering of money, and he is set on his legs and hailed as a man and a brother. Who did it? A parcel of stuck-up, purse-proud, bloated aristocrats! Why don't you hit one your own size? Hit him again, if you dare. This noble sentiment has been of immense service to the downtrodden organ grinder. The law, acting in behalf of O. G.'s suffering victims, having knocked O. G. down, the high-minded but tough-skinned British mob has set him up again, and taken him under its special protection. I have no inclination to dispute its right to do so. It admires organ grinding. To be sure, the fact of its utter indifference to the existence of barrel-organs and hurdy-gurdies before the passing of the Act is calculated to give rise to the suspicion that pig-headed obstinacy may have something to do with it, but there is nothing for certain. The miller who could sleep tranquilly while his mill was clashing and crunching and rumbling, awoke the moment the mill stopped. The mob is the best judge of what suits it. It likes its music full flavoured, and with plenty of grit in it. A weaker quality falls idly on its tympanum. Some animals are so thin-skinned that the titillation of a hair will drive them to madness, whereas the rhinoceros delights to have his hide rasped with the prongs of a pitchfork; but that is no reason why the rhinoceros should not be tickled if he likes it.

So it comes about that the organ









Drawn by G. ROBERT.

HUNTING SKETCHES—AN "OLD HAND."

BESSA.—"Well, Arthur, what sort of a day have you had?"  
ARTHUR.—"Oh, nothing wonderful, such a lot of hope and—well, you know."



grinder finds in the notice of ejectment that was served on him a new lease. But a few months since he was a skulking, surly wretch, with a heavy tread, a hanging head, and the general air of a felon, hopeless as to this life, and by no means comfortably assured of the next; a broad-shouldered muscular, doomed for some monstrous iniquity to tramp the highways and byeways of a foreign land, fettered eternally to a demon of discord—a lunatic Orpheus riding him old-man-of-the-sea-wise, torturing his sensitive ear, and mocking his weariness with 'funny' music worthy of St. George's-in-the-Fields, or, at the very least, of Earlswood. A treacherous, lean dog, ready for a halfpenny to mow and grin and show his teeth to win the smiles of little children at the window, and equally ready, should he be rashly informed that the little ones are ill, to haggle and make terms as to his consenting to cease from racking their poor little heads with his horrible din; a worse than ghoul, hunting for sickness that he might make a meal of it, with vulture eyes for sadly drooping window-blinds and muffled knockers, and a keen scent for mercifully-strewn tan, that the wooden leg of his engine of torture may find standing in the midst of it.

Distinguished by such unamiable characteristics, it was impossible to love the organ man; still, seeing him go about so evidently conscious of his own unworthiness, so downcast and depressed, and altogether miserable, your indignation was not unfrequently tinged with pity, and you had at least the gratification of noting that, however much he plagued and tormented you, he never appeared to get any satisfaction out of the transaction beyond the grudging penny flung to him. But since he has been 'persecuted' the aspect of the case has become altogether altered. The organ grinder is no longer a glum villain serving his term of life as though it were a punishment, and not a privilege. The dull dead log has sprouted green leaves, and become quite a sprightly member of society. True, he has not given up the ghoul

business, nor the lean dog business, but now he is a ghoul in a cut-away coat in place of a shroud; the lean dog cocks his ears, and carries his tail with an insolent and defiant curl in it. He is a man and a brother in pursuit of his honest calling. He has music to vend in ha'porths and penn'orths; and if you don't choose to buy, there are plenty of householders in your street that will. Don't put yourself out of the way, my dear sir; don't stand there at your parlour window shaking your head, and frowning, and making threatening gestures; he is not playing for your edification; he is playing to the people next door but one; they are his regular customers, and take a penn'orth of music of him every morning as regularly as they take a penn'orth of dog's meat for Mungo. A pretty thing, indeed, that you should presume to order him off just because you don't happen to like music! You might as reasonably prohibit the dog's-meat man from calling at number thirteen because nobody on your premises has an appetite for dog's meat. This is the argument provided for the organ grinder by his noble champions and supporters, and he is not slow to avail himself of it. How can you be out of temper with a poor fellow who knows not a word of the language in which you are abusing him, and therefore cannot retaliate? It is mean, it is cowardly, it is un-English. It would not be surprising if he turned round on you and pelted you with such broken bits of English as he is master of. But he is a good-humoured fellow, and does nothing of the kind; if you shake a stick at him, he replies by thrusting out his tongue, and making a funny face at you. If you appear at your gate and order him off, he is moved to no worse than playfully applying his thumb to the tip of his nose, and twiddling his outstretched fingers. Yah! Go in. Stuff your ears with wool. It will be quite time enough for him to go when he sees you rushing down the street in search of a policeman. Even if you have the good luck to find one in time, and the courage to give the ruffian into custody (which means accompanying the 'charge'

to the station-house, and being hooted and chaffed by the organ grinder's friend, the mob, all the way you go), you will probably find the game hardly worth the candle. The prisoner does not know one word of English, explains the interpreter to the magistrate, and was quite unaware that the gentleman wished him to go away. But, says his worship, the gentleman states that he took the trouble to come out into his garden to motion you away. That is true, replies the interpreter, after referring his worship's remarks to the now deeply penitent grinder, but the prisoner misunderstood—he thought that the gentleman was come out to dance.

It may occur to the inexperienced that all this is most unnecessary fuss, the remedy for the alleged grievance being so obvious. The organ grinder is no fool; all he seeks is your penny, and cares not how little he does for it; what, therefore, can be easier than to save your time and your temper by sending him out so paltry a sum with the civil message that you won't trouble him to play. You may be making some sacrifice of principle, it may cause you momentary annoyance to suspect that your enemy grins as he turns from your gate with your penny in his pocket, but look on the other side of the question! The blow-fly banished from your larder, your meal-jar freed from the devouring weevil, your quill rescued from its impish rider, your golden hours round and sound and all your own!

You are right, oh innocent adviser! Cheap, dirt cheap would it be if, on payment of a penny, immunity from persecution might be purchased. It would be a stroke of business on the accomplishment of which we might well be proud if one bought off the whole brigand army at a like figure. But beware of the pitfall! Should you be weak enough to yield that first single penny your doom is sealed. It is merely a hushing fee entitling you to rank amongst the organ man's regular customers. The torturer will now regard himself as regularly engaged, and exactly a week from the time

when you committed the fatal error, he will turn up again, his countenance beaming with a smile of recognition as you amazedly look out on him from your window, and he won't budge until he gets his penny. Nor is this all. You are duly reported at the head-quarters of the sworn brotherhood of grinders as another to the long list of victims willing to pay for peace, and for the future no organ or hurdy-gurdy bearer will pass your door without giving you the opportunity for exercising your philanthropy. There is no cure for the evil; organ-grinding has become a settled institution of the country, and as such must be endured.

And having arrived at this conviction comes in the example of the Alpine traveller quoted at the commencement of this paper—of the poor prisoner who beguiled the tedium of incarceration by an examination of the habits and manners of the rats which at first were his horror. Might I not be better employed than to sit moping in my chamber with vinegar rags adorning my throbbing temples because of these Italian rats squealing under my window? Were their habits and customs less interesting than those of the four-legged vermin? Did I know more about one than the other? Decidedly; but the advantage was with the quadrupedal animal. I do happen to know something about *mus decumanus*. I know that its hind legs are longer than its front ones, that it has a propensity for burrowing under walls, and that it commonly sits on its hind legs and holds the food it eats in its fore paws. I know that its nature is very cunning; that, acting in concert, rats have been observed to cart off unbroken eggs from a basket, one, acting as 'cart,' lying on his back and cradling the egg between his fore paws, while two other rats, acting as teamsters, have dragged home the 'cart' by its tail. I have heard, and place equal reliance in, the story of the rat that emptied a narrow flask of oil by lowering his candal appendage into it, withdrawing it, licking it clean, lowering it again, and so on. But I don't know half as much about the

organ grinder. That his fore limbs are shorter than his lateral may be assumed, but what about his burrowing? That he *does* burrow is certain, because during certain hours of the twenty-four he, happily, disappears. He must have a home somewhere. He is met at all hours of the day as far away as Highgate, Hammersmith, and Sydenham, but come night wherever he may be, he is invariably found to be turning his steps in a north-westerly direction. However far away, he is rarely seen refreshing himself at an inn; he was never yet known to apply for a bed at the wayside country public-house. It is doubtful if he made such an application whether it would be entertained. If a man on horseback applied for lodging the matter might be easily arranged, the man to his chamber and the horse to the stable; but a man with an organ! They are inseparable. He is an organ man—a man with an organ on his back, as other unfortunates have a lump on theirs—with the difference that the former, for business purposes, admits of being occasionally slewed round to the front part of the man's body. Fancy letting a clean and decent bed to a man with an organ on his back!

Then as to the grinder's family. Has he a wife and children? How do they employ themselves? Are the white-mice boys and the guinea-pig boys, the monkey-boys and the boys with the hurdy-gurdies the organ grinder's children? Are those his daughters who go about with a silk handkerchief about their heads, singing and playing on a tambourine? Where is his wife? Is she still to be found working in the vineyards of the sunny South, or does she reside with her 'old man' on Saffron Hill, occupying a snug little room, ironing the grinder's shirts and mending his stockings and preparing something comforting and savoury for the poor fellow's supper, when at midnight he stumps in from Sydenham or Brentford? Does Mrs. Grinder ever go out washing or charring to eke out her husband's earnings? What were his earnings? Did the little Grinders go to school? Was it all work and no play with

father Grinder? or did he occasionally take his pipe and his pint and seek diversion like another working man?

I had frequently observed that the organ grinder ceased from his persecution earlier on Saturday than all the other days of the week. On other evenings he was to be heard as late as ten and even eleven o'clock; but on Saturdays, even though you wanted an organ-man, it would be difficult indeed to find one after four or five o'clock in the afternoon. How was this? Was Saturday evening an 'off-time' with the grinder? Was he a patron of the Saturday half-holiday movement? If so, how did he profit by the indulgence? Did he belong to some corps of volunteers? not likely. Did he make one of four for a quick pull up the river? He could not well accomplish such a feat without divesting himself of that peculiarly blue corduroy jacket of his; and the sight of an organ-man in his shirt sleeves is one that never yet met human gaze. Did he take a cheap excursion ticket and go to the Isle of Wight or Margate? What! without his organ? Preposterous. How did he spend the only work-a-day evening he could spare from drudgery? The only way to set the question at rest was by personal investigation. No time like the present, which happened to be a Saturday afternoon.

Putting on a slouchy coat and a slouchy cap, I at once set out for Saffron Hill, making it my business to call on my road for an artist friend whose sketches have often delighted the readers of this magazine. My pretence for desiring his company was that there was a probability of his finding a picture worth sketching in some one of the many strange places I purposed taking him to; but my main object in soliciting his company was that I might be benefited by his protection in the event of my being forced into doubtful company—our artist being a man of extraordinary size and muscular development.

It was a lonely evening for such a wild-goose chase as was ours—dark over head, miry under foot,

and drizzling wretchedly of rain. I call it a wild-geese chase, and it was little less, for beyond the popularly-accepted belief that the home of the organ grinder was 'somewhere in the neighbourhood of Hatton Garden,' we were in utter ignorance of the abiding place of the individual of whom we were in search. Hatton Garden, as the reader is possibly aware, is a long and wide street opening from the crown of Holborn Hill.

At 7 p.m., the darkness and the drizzling rain nothing abated, we arrived at Hatton Garden, and diligently perambulated that lengthy and retired street from this end to the other, but either in or out of harness met a solitary organ man did we meet. I say out of harness on my companion's account, not mine own; he was quite sure, he said, that he could detect an organ-man even though disguised in the garb of a Quaker. No opportunity, however, for a display of his extraordinary sagacity occurred; and we arrived at the end of Hatton Garden and found ourselves at Hatton Wall, no wiser, as far as the object of our search was concerned, than when we turned out of Holborn.

Hatton Wall is by no means a nice place for a stranger to find himself blindly groping about on a dark February night; indeed, making an allowance of sixty per cent. for time and wealth, I should be inclined to say it was one of the ugliest, if not the most ugly, spots in London. There may be uglier. In one's peregrinations round about London you never know when you have arrived at the worst. I thought I had done so when I first beheld Neal's Buildings in Seven Dials, but was fain to acknowledge my error on an investigation of Brunswick Street, Ratcliffe Highway, and even this—the hideously-renowned Tiger Bay—must, as I afterwards discovered, knock under to Little Keate Street, Whitechapel. Yet it is hard to award the palm, the claim to the supremacy of ugliness being based each on different grounds. Neal's Buildings is nothing worse than the stronghold of Irish equalor, and all manner of filthiness and rage and

beggary. The women squat in groups on the squeelchy pavement of Neal's Buildings on hot summer days, airily garbed, and with a toothed instrument of horn sleeking their golden tresses, and smoking stumpy pipes, and singing good old Irish songs, and holding cheerful converse with their male friends, some sprawled over the door thresholds, some lounging half out of first and second-floor windows, their shocks of fiery hair surmounted by a nightcap, and so full of gaping and yawning as to give rise to the suspicion that they are not yet entirely out of bed. Tiger Bay is less repulsive at first sight; indeed, it is only when night closes in, and the women, turned wild beasts, leave their lairs to prowl abroad and hunt for sailors, and the born whelps and jackals and hyenas in man shape congregate and lurk in washhouses and coal-holes, ready to pounce out on and beat and worry nigh to death the hapless wretch the females of their tribe have lured to the common den, that Brunswick Street appears uglier than its neighbours. Little Keate Street, again, taken as a street, is not particularly ill-looking; and the traveller might innocently enough take it as a promising short cut to eastern parts of the metropolis. Nevertheless it is a terrible street. It is from thence that the midnight burglar sallies with his little sack of 'tools' and his bits of wax candle and his lucifer matches and his life-preserver. These, however, are amongst the better sort of tenants inhabiting Keate Street—fellows who can pay their way handsomely, and being to a man liberal dogs—the stay of any poor wretch of their acquaintance who may stand in urgent need of assistance. Ask the shopkeepers of the neighbourhood—ask the butcher and the cheesemonger concerning his Keate Street customers! If they tell you as they told me when a year or so since it was my business to be making such inquiries, they will say that they live luxuriously. 'It's nothing, bless you,' said the butcher, 'for them to order a quarter of lamb—and that when it's a shilling a pound—as late as ten o'clock, to be



cooked that night for supper. They like their nick-nacks too, and often my boy is running all over the town to get them sweetbreads for breakfast.' 'You'd think, to stand a-top of the street and take a view of it both sides of the way, right to the bottom, that they wouldn't trouble me much except it was for butter-scrappings and bacon hocks and that sort of thing,' said the cheesemonger; 'Lor' bless you! It ain't single, no, nor yet double Glo'ster that'll do for 'em. It must be best Cheshire or none. Same with butter. Same with ham and eggs. The very best and never mind the price is their motto.' The ruffians of Keate Street, however, are not all of this superior order. The common pickpocket finds a home there, and the 'smasher,' and the area sneak, and the 'snow gatherer,' as the rascal who makes the thieving of linen his special study poetically styles himself; and, worse than all, a swarm of likely young fellows who as yet cannot lay claim to be called robbers, but who are satisfactorily progressing under the teaching of Moss Jacobs and Barney Davis. If roguery stands there would be no approaching Little Keate Street by a mile.

I should not like to say that Hatton Wall was, in a Keate Street sense, as ugly as Keate Street. I have not such great enmity against the organ grinders as to wish that it might be. To look at, however, it is uglier: a horribly dark, dingy, antiquated place, all gutter and cobble-stones, and smelling as strong of Irish as Neal's Buildings itself. The police, as we observed, went in pairs; and when *this* is the case in a neighbourhood, you may mark it as one in which it would be unsafe to openly consult your gold lever in order to ascertain the time. I ventured the insinuation that perhaps we had better retrace our steps, and come again some other night—some moonlight night, but our artist, who is as brave as he is big, at once taunted me with cowardice, and declared that since I had drawn him into the mess he would see the end of it, even though he searched every nook and alley in the place; and immediately proceeded to carry out

his valiant determination by inquiring of a little boy, that moment emerging from a scowling little public-house near Bleeding Hart Yard, hugging a gin bottle, whether he would be so obliging as to inform us where the organ men were to be found.

The little fellow replied that he was jiggered if he knew;—that they lived a'most anywhere about there, 'down here, mostly, and over there; and a good many up that there way, if you means their lodgings;' and he indicated 'down here' and 'over there' by pointing with his gin-bottle, and in the same manner gave us to understand which was 'that there way,' which was not at all an inviting way, being more dismal than any we had yet traversed, narrow, miry, and flanked on either side by little-windowed houses, tall, dingy, and mysterious-looking enough to be haunted—or at least in Chancery. However, it was the organ man's 'lodgings' that we did mean, and so we manfully struck into the unclean crevice, known as Little Saffron Hill.

But though we perambulated the dingy thoroughfare in the most careful manner, no organ man could we find either entering or emerging from his domicile. Once my companion thought that he descried the object of our pursuit ascending the steps of a distant house, and with a subdued exclamation of triumph he started off to see; in a few seconds, however, he returned disconsolate to report the mistaken figure a woman with a clothes-basket. At that instant, however, and while we were at a standstill, the lively notes of a polka suddenly greeted our ears, and eagerly following the welcome sound, we presently arrived at the house from whence it proceeded. It was a private house, quite an ordinary-looking habitation, with the same closed shutters and dingy door as the rest, and no more than the average amount of light glimmering through the chinks, to bespeak it a place of amusement. Still, however, as we stood and listened on the steps of the house, we were convinced that it must be. The polka ceased, and was instantly

followed by a jig in the same lively measure; moreover there was the hum of many voices, and the sounds of the shuffling of feet.

'It is a threepenny hop,—there can't be a doubt of it,' said we; and feeling in our pocket for the necessary entrance-money, we boldly pushed open the door and entered.

The passage was dark, but at the end of it there was a door of a room, in which there was evidently plenty of light, and in which, as we could now plainly make out, the music and dancing was. Without a moment's hesitation we stepped up to this door, as to the first, and pushed it open.

Our expectations, however, were not exactly realized. In an instant we found ourselves, not in a dancing-room but in a workshop—an establishment for the manufacture and repair of street organs. It was a small place, no bigger, probably, than an ordinary dining-room, but it was chokeful of organs, old and new,—stacked against the walls, on the floor, and on work-benches. Eight or ten bare-armed, bearded Italians were busy, patching, and polishing, and tinkering at the instruments. The jig tune that had attracted us was still proceeding as we entered, the organ from which it was produced standing on the ground, and the performer kneeling before it gravely grinding at the handle. It was the property, as it seemed, of an unmistakeable street grinder, who stood by, watching the music doctor as he examined the ailing organ, with as anxious and distressed a countenance as though it were nothing less precious than his eldest born brought to be tested on account of some suspected intestinal disorder.

Patchers, polishers, tinkers—even the man that was grinding the jig—paused in their various occupations and regarded us inquiringly. The situation was embarrassing, the more so that the door had slammed to, and we were shut in, and we laboured under the disadvantage of not knowing a word of the Italian tongue.

'Vat you bismis?' demanded the street grinder, presuming on his

knowledge of our language to be spokesman.

We had no business—none, at least, that could be explained in an off-hand and satisfactory manner. My companion attempted the explanation, however.

'It's all right,' said he, with an insinuating little laugh—'it's a little mistake—we thought there was something going on—don't mind us.'

The organ grinder merely replied, 'Aha!' as far as we could make out; but, turning to the workmen, the traitorous villain must have altogether misinterpreted to them my companion's observation, for they rose, with warlike gestures and ejaculations, and turned as one man against us,—luckily, however, with so much noise that the proprietor of the premises, who was engaged in an adjoining apartment, was disturbed, and came hurriedly in to see what the row was about. He was a civil fellow, and listened with polite attention to what we had to say. His knowledge of English, however, could scarcely have been so 'perfect' as, at starting, he assured us it was; that is, judging from his answers.

'Oh yes! what you say is exact, gentlemen; but you cannot dance here for threepence or for any money. If you will dance, you must go to Badessa, or to Sugar Loaf, or to Golden Anchor. Good evening, gentlemen.' And he showed us to the door.

Although this little adventure could not be said to be in all respects gratifying, it was so in the main, inasmuch as it provided us with a clue. Clearly the places enumerated by the worthy organ builder were places of public entertainment—places where dancing was encouraged. Where was the Golden Anchor? Fortunately there came by a policeman.

'Keep straight on and cross the road, and it's the second public on the left.'

'It is a place where organ men assemble for their amusement, is it not?'

'You'll precious soon find the sort of place it is before you get within a dozen yards of it,' replied the po-

liceman. And so directed we once more stepped out through the mire and the drizzling rain, with hope revived.

Since we paid a visit to the Golden Anchor, that hostel has earned for itself a hideous notoriety. Murder has been done there. At least that is how the law, misled by police pig-headedness and the reckless oath-taking of false witnesses, at first called it; but now, as it appears, the result of the bloody broil there enacted was merely a man slaughtered and not murdered—one man slaughtered and two or three others maimed and gashed and prodded! It was a pity that the disgraceful bungle was not completed by the hanging of an innocent man before Newgate. The Golden Anchor would have 'drawn' then with a vengeance, and done such a trade as never was the like; as it is the enterprising and conscientious landlord reaps little or no advantage from the perpetration in his house of the pretty little tragedy.

At the time we were in search of it, however, it had no special attraction; and it was not without some little difficulty that we discovered it—a low, broad house, gay with gas, clean looking, and standing at the corner of a lane leading to that dismal waste opposite the railway station in New Victoria Street, patronized by that miserable dreg of humanity, the betting blackguard. In the distance the house looked so quiet and decent that, despite the emblem of hope blazoned in gold above the doorway, we should have thought ourselves again at fault had it not been for the tokens the policeman had hinted at, and which were made known to us, not at one dozen yards' distance off, but at three at the very least.

It was not a sound of mirth, neither could it be mistaken for quarrelling. It was an uproar composed of single ejaculations, delivered by many voices, and with a vehemence that was absolutely startling. It was as though a multitude of strong-lunged religious fanatics had seized on a victim and were, in set form, cursing him, dwelling with demoniac relish on each syllable of

the anathema, by way of transfixing the soul of the poor wretch with horror. At the same time there smote on the listening ear a hollow thumping noise that would well have passed as the rapping of poignard handles on the lid of an empty coffin.

Nor did a glimpse of the interior of the mysterious caravanserai, afforded by the swinging ajar of its centre door, do much toward dispelling the suspicion that some mystic and terrible ceremony was in progress within. There was to be seen a ferocious band seated about a long table, while one stood up in their midst, in a fiercely excited attitude, and continually raising both his clenched fists above his head, and bringing them down on to the table with a bang. And yet, marvel of marvels! the individual that opened the door was a little girl with a beer jug in her hand, and she went elbowing close by the fierce denouncer, with no more apparent concern than though he had been a peep-show man describing the wonders of his theatre. Surely where so helpless a creature went we might venture,—so in we went.

A glance explained the mystery. The bar was very long, and the space before it ample. There were butts and tables and forms in this space; and about the tables and the butts were grouped knots of Italians, young and old, playing at their national game of *moro*—a simple game enough, as the reader is perhaps aware; a sort of combination of the English boys' games of 'buck buck' and 'odds and evens,' the seated players watching the upraised hands of 'buck,' and in their turn anticipating the number of fingers 'buck' intends displaying by the time his rapidly descending fists reach the table-top. In the hands of these Italians, however, it was a terrible game. With flashing eye and dishevelled hair, the callers, too eager to keep their seats, half rose and leant over the table, roaring out their guesses, with their noses nearly touching that of 'buck,'—the deep chest voices of the men, the high-pitched clamour of the lads, the laughter of the lucky

guessers, and the disappointed growls of the unlucky ones, blending to make a scene most bedlamitish. It seemed a conflict for blood rather than for beer. Nevertheless, they were a jolly, good-tempered crew enough; and as the games came to an end (there were at least half a dozen games in progress at the various tables), they came jovially to the bar and drank their liquor, with much joking and friendly shoulder-slapping. They paid down their losings, too, with the air of fellows who had spare sixpences to spend; indeed, they seemed to be so flush of money that we began to doubt if they could possibly be men who mucked up a day's earnings a halfpenny at a time by grinding at an organ, and took opportunity to ask the waiter (the poor wretch, probably, who afterwards was so nearly fatally stabbed in the stomach) if such were the case.

'They ain't all organ men,' he replied; 'some of 'em are picture-frame makers, and image-coves. They are about half organ men.'

'They seem to spend their money pretty freely.'

'So they ought; they earns enough.'

'What, the organ men?'

'Organ men, ah! A'pence tells up, don't yer know. They picks up a jolly sight more than me and you, as works hard for our livin'.'

There was nothing in the dress of the *more* players to distinguish the organ grinder from his friend the 'image cove.' All were dressed alike—and very well dressed, after a style. More than anything they looked like a body of seafaring men—foreign sailors, recently paid off. Their long blue jackets were those of holiday-dressed sailors, as were their black satin waistcoats, their 'navy' caps, their pumps and their earrings, and their abundance of silver watch-guard. Moreover, most of them wore bright-coloured worsted comforters, as do foreign sailors invariably when dressed in their best and ashore. Altogether, their appearance was such as to entirely change one's views concerning the beggarly trade of organ grinding.

Meanwhile our friends carouse, and the *more* players cluster thicker about the tables and butts, and the din becomes such that the tall and muscular landlord has to hold his hand to his ear that he may catch the orders of his customers. Suddenly, however, a sound of music is heard, and instantly there is a commotion amongst the players, and all but those who are in the middle of a game hurry towards a door at the end of a passage beside the bar. Joining the throng, we too approach the door and enter the room it opens into.

It is that to which the organ builder recommended us, 'if we must dance.' It is a spacious room, with bare, dirty walls, and scant of furniture as the casual ward of a workhouse. There is only one large table in the place, and a-top of that is mounted a hard-working grinder, in his every-day clothes, with his organ at his side, and labouring at the handle of it as stolidly, and with the same business air as though he were standing in the gutter in the Edgware Road. Amongst the throng that crowd the room he must recognize many friends—relatives, perhaps,—but he looks as unconcerned as a soldier on duty in a barrack-yard. Perhaps he would not get so many halfpence if he affected to regard his services as merely friendly.

As it is he does not fare badly. Between each polka and waltz he makes a significant pause, and the dancers see him. There are female dancers as well as male; and, strangely enough, the females are not one of them Italian. They are chiefly English and Irish girls, working in the neighbourhood as looking-glass frame polishers. We were informed by one of the damsels in question that the Italians *never* bring their countrywomen with them to the dancing-room. Perhaps this may be accounted for on economical grounds; did they bring their countrywomen with them, they would naturally expect to be treated with some degree of generosity; whereas the grinder's treatment of his English or Irish partner was as shabby as can be well imagined,

her only reward being a pull at the pewter pot out of which he himself regaled. True, he did not ask much of her; indeed, his contract with her could scarcely be said to amount to a partnership, the dance being managed in this strange fashion:—Jacko and Antonio make up their minds for a dance, and select each a damsel; but Jacko and Antonio dance together, and the two damsels dance together alongside Jacko and friend. When the dance is over, Jacko orders four pen'north of beer, and the four divide it amongst them.

'Stingy beggars, arn't they?' whispered the damsel who had given us the bit of information concerning the organ man's peculiar method of dancing; 'thinks as much of a shilling as another man would of five. It ain't as though it was every night.'

'They don't come here every night in the week?'

'Bless you, no! a few on Mondays, sometimes, but nothing to speak of. Saturday night is their time—their time out, I mean: Sunday is their time at home.'

'Their time for what?—not dancing?'

'Dancing, no! no room for dancing, with twelve or fourteen of 'em in a bit of a back parlour. Drinking and cards and dominoes, that's what they get up to. Let 'em alone; they can come out strong enough amongst their own set. Plenty to eat and drink, plenty of rum, plenty of everything.'

'I shouldn't have thought that they earned sufficient money to indulge in such luxuries.'

'They don't earn it all: see what their wives earn at artificial-flower making and cigar-making.'

'Then they have pretty comfortable homes?'

'Well, comfortable as they look at it: you see, they are people of such strange ways: all for "clubbing." They club together to pay the rent of a room; to buy a joint of meat; for their beer, for their tobacco, for everything; eating and drinking and smoking together, a whole houseful of 'em, just as though they were all brothers and sisters. Plenty of everything, you know, but such a hugger-mugger.'

The young woman spoke as one that knew; and it was very much to our annoyance that, just at this moment, Jacko once more advanced towards her, and invited her to stand up and earn another drink of bad beer; and so we lost sight of her.

We had gleaned enough, one way and another, however, to convince us that Jacko makes a very decent livelihood out of his organ. He lives well, takes his amusement, has a bettermost snit of clothes, and a silver watch and chain.

'Which is crowning evidence,' triumphantly observes the grinder's champion, 'that the public are well disposed towards the poor fellow, that they appreciate his humble efforts to amuse them, and properly reward him.'

But isn't there another point of observation from which the flourishing grinder may be viewed? We humbly and hopefully think so. Assuming—and surely it is fair to assume—that at least half the grinder's gleanings accrue to him as 'smart money' to send him and his nuisance packing, our eyes are opened to the immense strength of this section of the army of opposition—a section more powerful than any other, and one that has only to vigorously assert itself, and the days of the organ monster's reign are numbered.

JAMES GREENWOOD.



## ANECDOTE AND GOSSIP ABOUT CLUBS.

## PART II.

THE 'Spectator,' who knew something about clubs, and indeed modestly surmised that his detractors had some colour for calling him the King of Clubs, has oracularly said that 'all celebrated clubs were founded on eating and drinking, which are points where most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part.' But it is not every club that has avowed itself by its name or title as formed on this basis. Of course the father of Fielding's Squire Western would have no extra blush suffice his fully pre-occupied cheek in announcing that October was a drink fit for the Jacobite gods of the fox-chase who liked to enjoy their *rus in urbe*, and to keep up the simplicity of their tastes during a temporary sojourn amongst the complexities of metropolitan society. There are two or three clubs, however, which declare their culinary basis with more straightforwardness than even the October did. Indeed it is only by supplying an ellipsis, and thinking of the pleasure and dignity of 'going to bed mellow,' that the name of the last can be brought into connection with anything eatable or drinkable. But about the Beef-steak Club, and the Kit-Kat Club there is no room for mistake. And of these we are about to record a few particulars. 'The Kit-Kat itself,' says Addison, in illustration of the proposition quoted from him a few lines above, 'is said to have taken its original from a Mutton-Pye. The Beef-steak and October Clubs, are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.' The Beef-steak Club, thus alluded to, was founded in the Augustan reign of Anne; and was, as Chetwood's 'History of the Stage' informs us, 'composed of the chief wits and great men of the nation.' The badge of the club was a small gridiron of gold, worn suspended

from the neck by a green silk ribbon. Dick Estcourt, the player, was made Providore of the club. He was a man of infinite wit, amiability, and good manners. His name appears very frequently in the 'Spectator,' and always honourably. At one time Sir Roger de Coverley, addressing him from the country as 'old comical one,' acknowledges the safe arrival at Coverley of 'the hogsheads of neat Port,' and praises its qualities of hygiene and good-fellowship. 'Pray get a pure snug room,' proceeds the knight, 'and I hope next term to help fill your Bumper with our people of the Club; but you must have no bells stirring when the "Spectator" comes; I forbore ringing to Dinner while he was down with me in the country.' Estcourt at this time (1711), and for a few months after, was the landlord of a tavern called the Bumper, in Covent Garden. The 'Spectator' for Wednesday, August 27, of the following year, is devoted to the eulogy and lament with which Steele honoured the memory of this unrivalled companion. Confessing his obligations to his deceased friend for many hours of mirth and jollity, Steele particularizes those faculties the possession and the use of which had made Estcourt inimitable. His perception of incongruity was so subtle and delicate that he was a very arbiter of taste; and he had no less a profound and just sense of the beautiful. 'I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turned compliments, as well as smart repartees, of Mr. Estcourt's than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable faculty of telling a story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected incidents to make his court to one part, and rally the other part of the company. Then he would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the



knack to raise up a pensive temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd into my memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him.' His power of mimicry was matchless, and going further than the manner and the words into the very heart and thought of the person represented. His urbanity under the galling weight of a profession which subjected him to be called upon simply to amuse, when he had within him the consciousness of higher worth, was as great as ever it was in any man of like nature and genius under like circumstances. He was dreaded only by 'the vain, the formal, the proud, or those who were incapable of amending their faults; to others he was in the highest degree pleasing. \* \* \*

It is to poor Estcourt I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the happiness of thinking nothing a diminution to me, but what argues a depravity of my will.' Further on, Sir Richard speaks of him as 'this extraordinary man, who, in his way, never had an equal in any age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I speak of him as a companion, and a man qualified for conversation.' He was without presumption; but he never forgot his own dignity, nor that of the guests whom he was called upon to entertain. 'I wish it were any honour,' Steele concludes, 'to the pleasant creature's memory that my eyes are too much suffused to let me go on——' We trust that we have not sinned against the patience of the reader in dwelling thus far upon Dick Estcourt; the social idol of the 'Spectator' deserved a more than momentary or nominal mention. Ned Ward, in his 'Secret History of Clubs,' does not make such complimentary allusion to Estcourt or to the club of which he was so prominent an officer. According to Ward, the Club of Beef-eaters first established themselves 'at the sign of the Imperial Phiz, just opposite to a famous conventicle in the Old Jewry, a public-house that has long (1709) been eminent for the true British quin-

tescence of malt and hops, and a broiled sliver off the juicy rump of a fat well-fed bullock.' Here the 'superintendent of the kitchen was wont to provide several nice specimens of their beef-steak cookery, some with the flavour of a shalot or onion; some broiled, some fried, some stewed, some toasted, and others roasted, that every judicious member of the new-erected Club might appeal to his palate, and from thence determine whether the house they had chosen for their rendezvous truly deserved that public fame for their inimitable management of a bovine sliver, which the world had given them.' Being satisfied on this point, they fixed their meetings to be continued weekly at the same place. Here, after a time, the boys of Merchant Taylors' School were accustomed to regale the club on its nights of meeting with uproarious shouts of 'Hozza—Beef-steak.' 'But the modest club, not affecting popularity, and choosing rather to be deaf to all public flatteries, thought it an act of prudence to adjourn from thence into a place of obscurity, where they might feast knuckle-deep in luscious gravy, and enjoy themselves free from the noisy addresses of the young scholastic rabble; so that now, whether they have healed the breach, and are again returned into the Kit-Cat community, from whence it is believed, upon some disgust, they at first separated, or whether, like the Calves' Head Club, they remove from place to place to prevent discovery, I shan't presume to determine; but at the present, like Oates's army of pilgrims, in the time of the plot, though they are much talked of, they are difficult to be found.'

The Beef-steak Society is not to be confounded with the Beef-steak Club; a designation which the former eschewed. We touch but lightly on the 'Sublime Society,' as a special paper in this number (see p. 282) is devoted to their history and doings.

Captain Morris, 'the Bard of the Beef-steak Society,' must not be omitted from our record, however slight. Charles Morris was born of good family in 1745, and appears to

have inherited a taste for lyric composition, for his father composed the popular song of 'Kitty Crowder.' For half a century Morris moved in the first circles of rank and gaiety: he was the 'Sun of the Table' at Carlton House, as well as at Norfolk House; and attaching himself politically as well as convivially to his table companions, he composed the celebrated ballads of 'Billy's too young to drive us' and 'Billy Pitt and the Farmer,' which were clever satires upon the ascendant politics of their day. His humorous ridicule of the Tories was, however, but ill repaid by the Whigs; at least, if we may trust the 'Ode to the Buff Waistcoat,' written in 1815. His 'Songs Political and Convivial,' many of which were sung at the Steaks' board, became very popular. In the decline of life and fortune, Morris was handsomely provided for by his fellow-Steak, the Duke of Norfolk, who conferred upon him a charming retreat at Brockham, in Surrey, which he lived to enjoy until the year 1838, surviving his benefactor by twenty-three years. He had taken leave of the Society, and voided his laureateship, however, in 1837, being then in his eighty-sixth year. The following is preserved as his valedictory poem:—

'Adieu to the world! where I gratefully own,  
Few men more delight or more comfort have  
known;  
To an age far beyond mortal lot have I trod  
The path of pure health, that best blessing of  
God;  
And so mildly devout Nature tempered my  
frame,  
Holy patience still soothed when Adversity  
came;  
Thus with mind ever cheerful, and tongue  
never tired,  
I sung the gay strains these sweet blessings in-  
spired;  
And by blending light mirth with a moral-  
mixt stave,  
Won the smile of the gay and the nod of the  
grave.  
But at length the dull languor of mortal decay  
Throws a weight on its spirit too light for its  
clay;  
And the fancy, subdued, as the body's oppress,  
Resigns the faint flights that scarce wake in  
the breast.  
A painful memento that man's not to play  
A game of light folly through Life's sober day;  
A just admonition, though viewed with regret,  
Still blessedly offered, though thanklessly  
met.

Too long, I perhaps, like the many who stray,  
Have upheld the gay themes of the Baccha-  
nal's day:  
But at length Time has brought, what it ever  
will bring,  
A shade that excites more to sigh than to sing.  
In this close of Life's chapter, ye high-  
favoured few,  
Take my Muse's last tribute—this painful  
adieu!  
Take my wish, that your bright social circle  
on earth  
For ever may flourish in concord and mirth;  
For the long years of joy I have shared at  
your board,  
Take the thanks of my heart—where they  
long have been stored;  
And remember, when Time tells my last part-  
ing knell,  
The "old bard" dropped a tear, and then bade  
ye—Farewell!

But he paid other honorary and poetical visits to his dear brethren and children of the Steaks at intervals in his remaining lifetime, always welcome, always jocund and gay and affectionate. Morris died at the patriarchal age of ninety-three, dying even then, as Curran said of him that he would, 'in his youth,' and only a few years after he had favoured a select number of friends by singing, to his own accompaniment on the pianoforte, the air of 'The Girl I left behind me,' in a bookseller's shop at Dorking.

The Beef-steak has conferred a designation upon other incorpora-  
tions besides those we have men-  
tioned—upon one, namely, which  
was established at the Theatre  
Royal, Dublin, in 1749, under the  
presidency of Mrs. Peg Woffington,  
the only lady admitted to its cele-  
brations; on the club in Ivy Lane,  
in the classical neighbourhood of  
Newgate Market and Paternoster  
Row, of which Dr. Johnson was a  
member; on a political association  
called the Rump-steak, or Liberty  
Club, the members of which were  
in enthusiastic opposition to Sir  
Robert Walpole's administration;  
and on still another, instituted by  
Beard, Dunstall, Woodward, Gifford,  
and others, at the Bell Tavern,  
Church Row, Houndsditch. From  
this last circumstance let any curled  
darlings of fashion or of literature,  
on the look-out for a new sensation,  
and thinking, haply, of establishing  
a Beef-steak Club at the Toad-in-a  
Hole, Shadwell, be encouraged to

persevere. They are surely on the road to fame.

In glancing at the Beef-steak Club and Society, we have necessarily arrived at a point from which it becomes us to retrace our steps for nearly a couple of centuries, in order that we may enact the rhapsodist to the multiform glories of the Kit-Kat Club, formed about the year 1700, towards the latter end of the reign of King William III. The origin of its peculiar designation is variously accounted for. Pope, or Arbuthnot—for the authorship of the lines is unsettled—sings:—

Whence deathless Kit-Kat took its name,

Few critics can unriddle:

Some say from pastry-cook it came,

And some from Cat and Fiddle.

'From no trim beaux its name it boasts,'

Grey statesmen or green wits;

But from the pell-mell pack of toasts

Of old cats and young kits.'

This epigrammatic derivation leads to the conclusion that it was named from its well-known custom of toasting ladies after dinner. The supposed sign of the Cat and Fiddle (Kitt), mentioned, to be discarded, in the foregoing lines, offers another solution. But there is a third, which—if we are not to suppose that the title was a haphazard one to which theories of its etymology were adapted, and which was retained on account of its singularity—is deserving of attention.

The Kit-Kat Club had their first assemblies at a house in Shire Lane, near Temple Bar, which was occupied by a pastrycook named Christopher Katt, famous for his skill in making mutton-pies, a dish from which the club itself, and the viand which formed the *pièce de resistance* at their entertainments, took its name.

'A Kit-Kat is a supper for a lord,'

says the prologue of a comedy of 1700; but Dr. King, as Mr. Timbs points out, is in favour of the pie-man. Says the Doctor, in his 'Art of Cookery'—

'Immortal made as Kit-Kat by his pie.'

'Nod Ward,' says Mr. Timbs, 'at once connects the Kit-Kat Club with

Jacob Tonson, "an amphibious mortal, chief merchant to the Muses." Yet this is evidently a caricature. The maker of the mutton-pies Ward maintains to be a person named Christopher, who lived at the sign of the Cat and Fiddle, in Gray's Inn Lane, whence he removed to keep a pudding-pye shop, near the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand. Ward commends his mutton-pies, cheese-cakes, and custards, and the pie-man's interest in the sons of Parnassus; and his inviting "a new set of Authors to a collation of oven trumpery at his friend's house, where they were nobly entertained with as curious a batch of pastry delicacies as ever were seen at the winding-up of a Lord Mayor's feast;" adding, that "there was not a mathematical figure in Euclid's Elements but what was presented to the table in baked wares, whose cavities were filled with fine eatable varieties fit for the gods or poets." Mr. Charles Knight, in the "Shilling Magazine," No. 2, maintains that by the above is meant, that Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, was the pie-man's "friend," and that to the customary "whet" to his authors he added the pastry entertainment. Ward adds, that this grew into a weekly meeting, provided his, the bookseller's, friends would give him the refusal of their juvenile productions. This "generous proposal was very readily agreed to by the whole poetic class, and the cook's name being Christopher, for brevity called Kit, and his sign being the Cat and Fiddle, they very merrily derived a quaint denomination from puss and her master, and from thence called themselves of the Kit-Cat Club."

The Kit-Kat was the great Whig club of Queen Anne's time, and at its commencement was composed of thirty-nine members, amongst whom were the Dukes of Marlborough, Grafton, Devonshire, Richmond, and Somerset; the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston; Lords Halifax and Somers; Sir Robert Walpole, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Granville, Addison, Maynwaring, Garth, Stepney, and Walsh. In later days it num-

bered the greatest wits of the age among its members.

The Club subscribed in 1759 the sum of four hundred guineas for the encouragement of good comedies, and is also famous for the encouragement it extended to art. Pope writes to Spence: 'You have heard of the Kit-Cat Club. The master of the house where the club met was Christopher Katt; Tonson was secretary.' \*\*\* Jacob (i.e., Tonson) has his own and all their pictures, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Each member gave his, and he is going to build a room for them at Barn Elms.' These portraits were all of one size, thirty-six inches by twenty-eight; and the name of the Club has been thence used extensively to designate pictures of these dimensions.

The Club held its summer meetings at the Upper Flask, Hampstead Heath.

But the culminating glory of the Kit-Kat, after its political, literary, and artistic characteristics have been duly honoured, was in its spirit of gallantry. It was still the custom, at the time of its institution, to call upon the name of some fair maiden, and chaunt her praises over the cup as it passed. The Kit-Kat reduced this custom into a system; and every member was compelled to name a beauty, whose claims to the distinction of being a toast of the Club were then discussed; and if her charms were conspicuous enough to give her victory in such an ordeal, a separate bowl was dedicated to her worship, and verses to her honour were engraven upon it. Some of the most celebrated of the toasts had their pictures hung up in the club-room; and to be the favourite of the Kit-Kat was an object of no small ambition. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had attained this distinction at the ripe age of eight years. Lord Dorchester, her father, afterwards Duke of Kingston, gave on one occasion 'the pretty little child' for his toast; but the other members, who had not seen the young aspirant, demurred to her canonization until her presence had been secured by her father. When the

little beauty was produced, however, all disaffection and all objections at once were elain, and she was passed from member to admiring member, from knee to dandling knee. Another celebrated toast of the Kit-Kat, mentioned by Walpole, was Lady Molyneux, who, he says, died smoking a pipe. Other favourites were Lady Godolphin, Lady Sunderland, Lady Bridgewater, and Lady Monthermer, all daughters of the Duke of Marlborough; the Duchesses of Bolton, St. Alban's, Richmond, and Beaufort; Mrs. Barton, the friend of Swift, and niece of Sir Isaac Newton, and other ladies too numerous to mention.

The poet of the Kit-Kat, *par excellence*, was Sir Samuel Garth, the physician and friend of Marlborough, with whose sword he was knighted by King George I. He is poetically known in these days chiefly by his 'Dispensary,' a satire upon the apothecaries. He was a jovial member, and a witty man. One night, being at the Club, and in love with the wine and the company, he had completely forgotten the fifteen patients whose names appeared on his list of the day, but whom he had so far left unvisited. When it had become too late to call upon them, he excused himself to his brethren of the Kit-Kat by declaring that it was no great matter whether he saw them that night or not, 'For nine of them,' said he, 'have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them.' The *laissez-faire* of such a speech it would be difficult to beat.

Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, was the Mæcenas of his day, whom Pope described in the character of Bufo.

Proud as Apollo, on his forked hill,  
Sat full-blown Bufo, puffed by every quill;  
Fed with soft dedications all day long,  
Horace and he went hand in hand 'in song.'

But Bufo would himself enjoy the honours of a poet; and his claim to this character reposes in part on the verses which he wrote for the toasting-glasses of the Kit-Kat Club in

1783. The following are two of three of them:—

DUCHESS OF ST. ALBAN'S.

'The line of Vere, so long renown'd in arms,  
Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charma.  
Her conquering eyes have made their race  
complete;  
They rose in valour, and in beauty set.'

LADY MART CHURCHILL.

'Fairest and latest of the beauteous race,  
Blest with your parent's wit, and her first  
blooming face;  
Born with our liberties in William's reign,  
Your eyes alone that liberty restrain.'

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

'Of two fair Richmonds different ages boast,  
Thers was the first, and ours the brightest  
toast;  
The adores' offerings prove who's most  
divine,  
They sacrific'd in water, we in wine.'

Besides the illustrious Club of which he was a member, the 'Spectator' has registered societies of nearly every conceivable degree of eccentricity, and where he could not discover, has pleasantly invented or caricatured. We propose to follow his guidance for a few pages, either when he deals with what are professedly historical clubs, or when he celebrates the laws and usages of what Mr. Bright, in a facetious mood, might, if he pleased, designate the 'Spectator's' 'fancy' clubs. We may, in encountering these last, be pretty sure that they have a certain degree of verisimilitude; and if their titles and objects are obnoxious to ridicule, it is tolerably manifest that they are the portraits in dis-temper of other societies whose bonds of brotherhood were scarcely less ridiculous than these clubs of the imagination. When we hear a man's nose hyperbolically measured by the foot, we may take our oath that that imposing feature is at least a hair's breadth more developed than that of ordinary people. Ridicule itself can flourish only as it is nourished by truth and as it is in some way or other evolved from it. Be thy spirit with us, oh most eloquent of the sons of silence; and may our silvern speech grow ruddy whilst we sojourn within the sparkle of thy gold!

'Every one,' says the 'Spectator,' has heard of the Club, or rather the

confederacy, of the Kings. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the return of King Charles II., and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in this surname of King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owner of it to be altogether untainted with republican and anti-monarchical principles.' Another Club, founded on the Christian name common to its members, was that of the Georges, which held its meetings at the sign of the George on St. George's day, and the pet characteristic oath of which was, *Before George!*

There was in the days of the Merry Monarch a Club of Duellists, of which every member had called out his man, and the president of which had approved his valour by killing half a dozen in single combat. The other members took their seats according to the number of their slain. At a side table were ranged those who had only drawn blood, and who were therefore reckoned as acolytes or postulants. This Club owed its dissolution to a majority of its members being cut off by the sword or the executioner, not long after its institution. Verily, of Clubs, as of individuals, it may be said, 'Whom the gods love, die young.'

In a certain market town, which for reasons of delicacy the 'Spectator' does not name, we hear of a Club of Fat Men, who, superior to the charms of sprightliness and wit, met only with the benevolent idea of keeping each other in countenance. Two doors of different dimensions opened into their room of meeting; and if a candidate stuck fast in his endeavour to enter by the smaller, he was brought round to the larger, by which he entered to be saluted as a brother. This Club, as the 'Spectator' heard, 'though it consisted of but fifteen people, weighed above three ton.'

The Society met with an ill-natured opposition from the Club of Scarecrows and Skeletons, who represented their well-conditioned foes as persons of dangerous principles, and sought to deprive them of the magistracy on this plea.

The Clubs thus became factions, and rent for awhile the society of the town; till a truce was concluded, in virtue of which each of the two Clubs elected one of the two bailiffs of the town, 'by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.'

The Humdrum Club and the Mum Club were societies for the encouragement of silence, where honest gentlemen of pacific dispositions sat together smoking, meditating, and saying nothing, till midnight. The Two-penny Club was an institution of artisans and mechanics, whose laws, as giving 'a pretty picture of low life,' the 'Spectator' was at the pains to transcribe from the wall of the little alehouse where was their rendezvous. The curious reader may find them in the number for Saturday, March 10, 1711.

Mr. Alexander Carbuncle, writing from Oxford, gives a humorous account of a certain Club which had been instituted in his University. Remarking on the prevalence of such hebdomadal societies as the Punning Club, the Witty Club, and the Handsome Club, he proceeds to inform the 'most profound' Mr. Spectator of a Society which had been incorporated in burlesque of the last, and which had the generous audacity to call itself the Ugly Club. It consisted of a President and twelve fellows, who were eligible according to certain statutes entitled 'The Act of Deformity.' Of this code Mr. Carbuncle is kind enough to volunteer a clause or two:—

'I. THAT no Person whatsoever shall be admitted without a visible Queariness in his Aspect, or peculiar Cast of Countenance; of which the President and Officers for the time being are to determine, and the President to have the casting Voice.

'II. THAT a singular Regard be had, upon Examination, to the Gibbosity of the Gentlemen that offer themselves, as Founders' Kinsmen; or to the Obliquity of their Figure, in what sort soever.

'III. THAT if the Quantity of any Man's Nose be eminently miscalculated, whether as to Length or

Breadth, he shall have a just Pretence to be elected.

'Lastly, THAT if there shall be two or more Competitors for the same Vacancy, *cartoris paribus*, he that has the thickest Skin to have the Preference.

'EVERY fresh Member, upon his first Night, is to entertain the Company with a Dish of Cod-fish, and a Speech in Praise of *Æsop*; whose Portraiture they have in full Proportion, or rather Disproportion, over the Chimney; and their Design is, as soon as their Funds are sufficient, to purchase the Heads of *Thersites*, *Duns Scotus*, *Scarron*, *Hudibras*, and the old Gentleman in *Oldham*, with all the celebrated ill Faces of Antiquity, as Furniture for the Club Room.'

Although the Club throw open its privileges to lady aspirants, no candidate of the gentler sex had offered herself, up to the date of Mr. Carbuncle's letter, although that gentleman did not yet despair of female recruits. The motto of the Society seems to have been: '*Le beau, c'est le laid.*' It encouraged the poetry of ugliness. A Mrs. Touchwood, upon the loss of her two fore-teeth, became the subject of a congratulatory ode; and Mrs. Vizard, having been extensively manipulated by the small-pox, and so rendered reasonably ugly, became 'a top toast in the Club.' The 'Spectator,' whose face was not quite so long as it was broad, had the touching honour of being admitted 'informis societatis socius' on the strength of his own testimonial, and without previous personal examination. The recipient of so delicate and singular a distinction was not a little sensible of the favour, stamping as it did the Club's approval at once of his deformity and veracity.

But his measure of gratification was not yet filled. A month or two after, he was invited to be admitted *ad eundem* in a like corporation, the Club of Ugly Faces, established at the sister university. The Cantab who conveyed this invitation is jealous for the honour of his *alma mater*, and argues for the superior antiquity of his Club over



that of the Oxford one, the former having been originally instituted, as he says, with an air of most innocent mystery, 'in the merry reign of K—g Ch—les II.' The Cambridge man's letter would indicate that his Society were not all volunteers, and enlarges upon the subterfuges to which the modesty of proposed members drove them to escape from the eminence and responsibility of its fellowship. This comparative reluctance to identify themselves willingly with ugliness would appear to have been discriminative of the Cantabs, who some years after instituted a Club, confined to themselves, called the Beautiful. The 'Athenaeum' says that 'the members—men, of course—painted dimples on their cheeks, if they did not already possess them! This was at least reported. This Club held that the neckcloth made the man. One of the members is said to have remarked, "When I undress at night it is like heaven! But a man must suffer in order to be captivating!"' The poor fellow is to be pitied for his torture; but Narcissus and Adonis, our faithful readers, to whom Nature has been more bountiful, will hardly recognise the necessity which mastered him. And that the present writer may venture to combine comfort with elegance may be pretty well inferred from the fact that our travelling passport last year described our face with not less poetry than precision, as offering a fair idea of Apollo in his better days—when, that is, his face had become a little bearded, and dashed with a portion of the severer dignity of Jove. Let us be humble, my brothers.

The Cambridge correspondent triumphantly—to himself, at least—vindicating the antiquity of his own Ugly Faces over the Ugly Club of Oxford, assured the 'Spectator' that the former were of coeval date with the 'Lowngers,' a Club of 'the same standing with the University itself.' The Lowngers were a sect of Philosophers who bore an external and nominal resemblance to the Peripatetics of old, but who did not slavishly imitate the latter in such minor matters as studious specula-

tion and the imparting or the acquirement of instruction. There seems to have been something, indeed, about their lofty indifference to the gravest sublimary things which argued an Oriental genealogy. One of their grand crusades was against Time, who, as a general foe and destroyer, they voted ought to be himself destroyed and murdered without mercy. Cowley, who was once of Trinity College, Cambridge, may possibly have belonged to this venerable fraternity, if we may trust the following eloquent lines of his 'Complaint':—

'Business! the frivolous pretence  
Of human lusts to shake off Innocence;  
Business! the grave impertinence;  
Business! the thing which I of all things hate;  
Business! the contradiction of thy fate.'

These lines are presumably a poetic rendering of a maxim of the Lowngers, 'that Business was designed only for Knaves, and study for Blockheads.' The more accomplished of these philosophers of negation would contemplate a sun-dial for several consecutive hours; less advanced fellows would find their attempts at attaining the supreme indifference they cultivated diverted by street signs and shop windows, by the news that a butcher had relieved a calf from its burden of mortality, or that a cat had added a batch of kittens to the population of a mews. The speculative reader may profitably compare with these western philosophers the Nihilists of the farther East, and the fourteenth century Omphalopsychites or Umbilicani of Mount Athos.

The Amorous Club was another Society which had its head-quarters at Oxford. The members were all in love; and by their rules were obliged to celebrate the objects of their affections in becoming verse. No man was thought good company at its convivial meetings who did not sigh five times in a quarter of an hour; and every member was reckoned very absurd if he was so self-contained as to return a direct answer to any question. 'In fine, the whole assembly was made up of absent men, that is, of such persons as had lost their locality, and whose

minds and bodies never kept company with one another.'

The Amorous Club was an association of men who were allowed some pretensions to intellect, but in whom this was dominated by the heart. But the Fringe-Glove Club, a metropolitan institution of feeble imitators, was simply a refuge for the destitute, who, having no store of brains to furnish expressions for their passion, vented it all on their dress, which was calculated to show them visibly to the world as lovers. They were such fool—ish persons, as Mr. Carlyle would compassionately call them, even before their wits had been impaired by the intensity of their affections, that 'their irregularities could not furnish sufficient variety of folly to afford daily new impertinences.' This paucity of invention was in the end the death of the society.

The Everlasting Club is worthy of being described in the 'Spectator's' own words. In his number for Wednesday, March 23, 1711, he says: 'A friend of mine complaining of a Tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle, worthless Fellow, who neglected his Family, and spent the most of his time over a Bottle, told me, to conclude his Character, that he was a member of the *Everlasting Club*. So very odd a Title raised my Curiosity to inquire into the Nature of a Club that had such a sounding Name; upon which my friend gave me the following Account:

'The *Everlasting Club* consists of a hundred Members, who divide the whole twenty-four Hours among them in such a manner, that the Club sits Day and Night from one end of the Year to the other; no Party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a Member of the *Everlasting Club* never wants company; for tho' he is not upon Duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if he be disposed to take a Whet, a Nooning, an Evening's draught, or a Bottle after Midnight, he goes to the Club, and finds a knot of Friends to his Mind.

'It is a Maxim in this Club That the Steward never dies; for as they succeed each other by way of Rotation no man is to quit the great Elbow-chair which stands at the upper End of the Table, till his Successor is in Readiness to fill it, inasmuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in the Memory of Man.

'This Club was instituted towards the End (or as some of them say, about the Middle) of the Civil Wars, and continued without Interruption till the Time of the *Great Fire*, which burnt them out, and dispersed them for several Weeks. The Steward at that time maintained his Post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring House (which had been demolished in order to stop the Fire); and would not leave the Chair at last, till he had emptied all the Bottles upon the Table, and received repeated Directions from the Club to withdraw himself. This Steward is frequently talked of in the Club and looked upon by every Member of it as a greater Man than the famous Captain mentioned in my Lord Clarendon, who was burnt in his Ship because he would not quit it without Orders. He said that towards the Close of 1700, being the Great Year of Jubilee, the Club had it under Consideration whether they should break up or continue their Session; but after many Speeches and Debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other Century. This Resolution passed in a general Club, *Nemine Contradicente*.

'HAVING given this short Account of the Institution and Continuation of the *Everlasting Club*, I shall here endeavour to lay something of the Manners and Characteristics of its several Members, which I shall do according to the best Lights I have received in this Matter.

'It appears by their Books in general, that since their first Institution they have smoked Fifty Tun of Tobacco, drunk thirty thousand Butts of Ale, One Thousand Hogsheads of Red Port, Two Hundred Barrels of Brandy, and a Kilderkin of Small Beer. There has likewise been a great Consumption of Cards. It is also said that they observe the Law in Ben Jonson's Club, which orders

the Fire to be always kept in (*focus perpetuus esto*) as well for the convenience of lighting their Pipes, as to cure the dampness of the Club-Room. They have an Old Woman in the nature of a Vestal, whose Business it is to cherish and perpetuate the Fire, which burns from Generation to Generation, and has seen the Glass-house Fires in and out above an Hundred times.

THE *Everlasting Club* treats all other Clubs with an Eye of Contempt, and talks even of the *Kit-Kat* and *October* as a couple of Upstarts. Their ordinary Discourse (as much as I have been able to learn it) turns altogether upon such Adventures as have passed in their own Assembly; of Members who have taken the glass in their turn for a week together, without stirring out of the Club; of others who have smoked an hundred Pipes at a Sitting; of others who have not missed their Morning's Draught for twenty years together. Sometimes they speak in raptures of a Run of Ale in *King Charles's* Reign, and sometimes reflect with astonishment upon games of Whist which have been miraculously recovered by Members of the Society, when in all human probability the case was desperate.

THEY delight in several old Catches, which they sing at all Hours to encourage one another to moisten their Clay, and grow immortal, by drinking, with many other edifying Exhortations of like nature.

THERE are four general Clubs held in a Year, at which Times they fill up Vacancies, appoint Waiters, confirm the old Fire-Maker or elect a new one, settle Contributions for Coals, Pipes, Tobacco, and other Necessaries.

THE Senior Member has lived the whole Club twice over, and has been drunk with the Grandfathers of some of the present sitting Members.

The title of the preceding Club has a sort of affinity with that of the Last Man Club, which, beginning with a certain number of members, was never to admit a new one. A bottle of port wine was sealed up in the room in which they assembled, and when only one member survived it was to fall to him to sit

in the room and drink the wine to the memory of the dead! It is said, however, that when only two members survived, they met and emptied the magnum between them. Poor fellows! neither of them dared to face the notion of the ghostly solitude in reserve for the longest liver.

He would be doing a pleasant and benevolent service to 'London Society' who would, in the spirit of Gay, sing a new 'Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London,' adapted to the peculiar trials and crosses of the current year. Since the 'stamping out' of the garotte, the slaughter of human beings in the streets of the metropolis—a branch of industry which is carried on at the rate of 313 annually, in leap year 314, being one death for each day in the year, exclusive of Sunday, which is generally a day of rest in this profession—has been confined to draymen, carters, and cab-drivers. But early in the last century, when Gay wrote the 'Trivia' referred to, there were nightly perils to life and limb arising not only from professional plunderers and murderers, but from young dissipated bloods and rakes who incorporated themselves in clubs for the prosecution of amateur violence. To slit noses, to crop ears, to gouge out eyes, to roll ladies in barrels down Snow Hill, and other amenities of a like nature, were their ordinary exploits. In the third part of the 'Trivia,' which exhibits rules for the safe and commodious traverse of the streets by night, Gay thus advises his reader—

'Where Lincoln's Inn, wide space, is railed around,  
Cross not with venturesome step; there oft is found

The lurking thief, who while the daylight shone  
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:

That crutch, which late compassion moved,  
Shall wound

Thy bleeding head, and fall thee to the ground.

Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,

Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;  
In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,  
And share the booty with the pilfering band.  
Still keep the public streets, where city rays,  
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.'

## And again—

'Now is the time that takes their revels keep;  
 Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.  
 His scattered pence the flying Nicker flings,  
 And with the copper shower the casement  
 rings.  
 Who has not heard the Scowerer's midnight  
 fame?  
 Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?  
 Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,  
 Safe from their blows, or new-invented  
 wounds?  
 I pass their desperate deeds, and mischiefs done,  
 Where from Snowhill black steepy torrents  
 run;  
 How matrons, hooped within the hoghead's  
 womb,  
 Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling  
 tomb  
 O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to  
 side:  
 So Regulus to save his country died.'

With such perils to encounter from truculent fops and fools on the one hand, and from professional marauders on the other—not to mention the ill-lit, half-paved, mud-drenched condition of the thoroughfares—it is not wonderful that the graver Londoner found it advisable to shorten the distance between his home and his club as much as possible. This led to the formation of what were called Street Clubs, where the householder or inhabitant of a particular street would be able to enjoy the society of his neighbours at a tavern within easy reach of his dwelling. To such a club the 'Spectator' whimsically refers: 'There are,' he says, 'at present in several Parts of this City what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief Inhabitants of the Street converse together every night. I remember, upon my enquiring after Lodgings in *Ormond Street*, the Landlord, to recommend that Quarter of the Town, told me, there was at that time a very good Club in it; he also told me, upon further Discourse with him, that two or three noisy Country Squires, who were settled there the Year before, had considerably sunk the Price of House-Rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like Inconveniences for the future) had Thoughts of taking every House that became vacant into their own Hands, till they had found a Tenant for it, of a sociable Nature and good Conversation.'

Gay has mentioned the Nicker, the Scowerer, and the Mohock amongst those who made the night of London hideous. 'But it had been for many previous years the favourite amusement of dissolute young men to form themselves into Clubs and Associations for committing all sorts of excesses in the public streets, and alike attacking orderly pedestrians and even defenceless women. These Clubs took various slang designations. At the Restoration they were "Mums" and "Tityro-tus." They were succeeded by the "Hectors" and "Scourers," when, says Shadwell, "a man could not go from the Rose Tavern to the Piazza once but he must venture his life twice." Then came the "Nickers," whose delight it was to smash windows with showers of halfpence; next were the "Hawkabites;" and lastly, the "Mohocks."

The last are described by a correspondent of the 'Spectator' as 'a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that Species of Being) who have lately [1712] erected themselves into a Nocturnal Fraternity under the title of the *Mohock-Club*, a Name borrowed it seems from a sort of *Cannibals in India*, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the Nations about them. The President is styled *Emperor of the Mohocks*; and his arms are a *Turkish Crescent*, which his Imperial Majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven on his Forehead. Agreeable to their Name, the avowed design of their Institution is *Mischief*; and upon this Foundation all their Rules and Orders are framed. An outrageous Ambition of doing all possible hurt to their Fellow-Creatures, is the great Cement of their Assembly, and the only Qualification required in the Members. In order to exert this Principle in its full Strength and Perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the Possibility of attending to any Motions of Reason or Humanity; then make a general Sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the Streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed, To

put the Watch to a total Rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive Militia, is reckoned a *Coup d'éclat*. The particular Talents by which these Mis-anthropes are distinguished from one another, consist in the various kinds of Barbarities which they execute upon their Prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the Lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the Nose flat to the Face, and boring out the Eyes with their Fingers. Others are called the Dancing-Masters, and teach their Scholars to cut Capers by running Swords through their Legs; a new Invention, whether originally French I cannot tell. A third sort are the Tumblers, whose office it is to set Women on their heads and commit certain Barbarities on their limbs. But these I forbear to mention, because they cannot but be shocking to the Reader as well as the SPECTATOR.

In addition to the Lion-Tippers, the Dancing-Masters, and the Tumblers, there was another species of the genus Mohock called the Sweaters. 'It is, it seems, the Custom for half a dozen, or more, of these well-disposed Savages, as soon as they have enclosed the Person upon whom they design the favour of a Sweat, to whip out their Swords, and holding them parallel to the Horizon, they describe a sort of Magic Circle round about him with the Points. As soon as this Piece of Conjunction is performed, and the Patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the Operation, that Member of the Circle, towards whom he is so rude as to turn his Back first, runs his Sword directly into that Part of the Patient wherein School-boys are punished; and as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other Point, every Gentleman does himself the

same justice as often as he receives the Affront. After this Jig has gone two or three times round, and the Patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubbed down by some Attendants, who carry with them Instruments for that purpose, and so discharged.'

To allay the panic which the publication of such particulars was calculated to provoke, it was contended on the other hand that the Mohocks had only an imaginary existence, and were 'like those spectres and apparitions which frighten several towns and villages in her Majesty's dominions, though they were never seen by any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these Mohocks are a kind of bull-beggars, first invented by prudent married men and masters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unreasonable hours; and that when they tell them *the Mohocks will catch them*, it is a caution of the same nature with that of our forefathers, when they bid their children have a care of raw-head and bloody-bones.'

Whether or not the Mohocks were such creatures of the imagination, the Temple—if the 'Guard an' of March 24, 1713, be not scandalous—had the merit of furnishing to their ranks a considerable portion of their recruits. And, at any rate, their name was enough to occasion some trepidation to that mirror of knighthood, Sir Roger de Coverley, during his occasional sojourns in town. Swift, also, for fear of receiving any delicate attention at their hands, was accustomed to disburse the hire of a coach, when he would otherwise have saved the expense by walking. 'They go on still,' [in spite of a royal proclamation] he says, 'and cut people's faces every night! but they shan't cut mine; I like it better as it is.'

(To be continued.)



## OVER A BRÛLE-GUEULE.

**K**EEN, wintry stars through Dane Court elm-trees gleam,  
Down the Long Avenue the night-winds moan;  
Late, by a waning fire, I sit and dream  
Over a brûle-gueule alone.

Ah! Cousin Helen of the low-arch'd brow,  
And amber hair, and dewy-violet eyes,  
Why must your face, through floating smoke-haze, now  
Witchingly-winsome arise?

And not the face it pays to love the best—  
The brow, the eyes, the—well! *she* calls it hair!—  
Of Miss Molasses, that too-amorous West  
—Indian millionaire?

Whom I should marry, everybody says,  
And think myself in luck exceedingly;  
A hopeless detrimental, all my days  
Jew-ridden. Misery me!

It's likely I shall come to that, I fear,  
Hunted by duns and my Barbadian too!  
Then why on earth do I sit dreaming here,  
Penniless Helen, of you?

I, who am yet accounted worldly-wise,  
Sublime in cynical philosophy,  
Why do I shudder when the Dark One sighs?  
—Execrate Brabazon Leigh?

That 'rent-roll Cupid,' worshipp'd Golden Calf  
Of chaperons truckling at his cloven feet,  
And needy belles, who stand his horsey chaff,  
Cringe to his insolent bleat.

I know what brings him down to Dane Court. He  
Has made up what he's pleased to call his mind  
To bid for Cousin Helen. Well! she'll be  
Surely alone of her kind

If he can't buy her; if the blinding gold  
Don't 'gild the straighten'd forehead of the fool,'  
Till it seem Jove's to Danie. Lay hold  
Fast by the feminine rule,

That 'money makyth man'—makes god of this  
Dull, vicious bull-calf. Jove's in love! He'd pay  
Perhaps half a million for a lover's kiss!  
Don't let the chance slip away!



Be wise, *mon enfant*. Take him. Where's the sin?

*Bêtises* alike, love, honour, honesty,

When either bars you from the prize you'd win

Cheaply by one little lie!

And I'll become my wiser self; and take

Molasses' liberal offer. From to-night

With dreams of you and this love-folly break.

Ah! but, in utter despite

Of all I try to be and think, your face

Again, my Helen, whom I must forget,

Rises before me with such tender grace,

Darling! it conquers me yet.

And, so, while pale stars through the casement gleam,

And in the Dane Court elms the night-winds moan,

Still by the dead white brands I sit and dream

Fondly and sadly, alone.

RUY.

## ARTISTS' NOTES FROM CHOICE PICTURES.

Honeywood introducing the Bailiffs to Miss Richland as his Friends.

USUALLY these Notes have dealt with only parts of pictures. The fairest face has been taken as an illustration of the painter's ideal of female beauty, and one or two others of feebler attractions have been placed alongside it, to serve as foils or supporters. In like manner the comments have treated mainly on the fair one's typical character, and the artist's greater or less success in depicting it. Here, however, we set before the reader a complete picture, by means of an engraving, which, from its size and careful execution, represents it as fairly as woodcut well can. And as our pencil note differs, so must that of the pen. We propose, if you will, to examine together, somewhat in detail, Mr. Frith's 'Honeywood and the Bailiffs.' It may be a useful and need not be an unpleasing exercise. The original is in the South Kensington Museum, and can be readily referred to.

In considering a picture of this class, in which the painter has given palpable shape to the conception of an eminent writer, we have a double duty to perform. We have to ascertain the intention of the author, and how far the painter has caught his spirit and embodied his meaning; and then, from the painter's own point of view, to estimate his work.

The comedy of the 'Good-natured Man,' from which Mr. Frith has taken his subject, was written by Goldsmith in 1767, and played at Covent Garden Theatre, under Colman's auspices, at the beginning of 1768, exactly two years after the publication of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' It was his first effort in comedy, and his friends looked doubtfully on the experiment. They questioned his wit; they distrusted his tact; they feared he could not reach the genteel taste then in vogue; but they were most in

despair because he had thrown the popular idol (Kelly) overboard, and was looking for his model to the dramatists of the past age—when, as he wrote in his Preface, 'little more was desired by an audience than nature and humour, in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous.' Their fears were in a great measure justified. The play was but moderately successful. Audiences preferred Kelly and his 'genteel comedy' of 'False Delicacy'—now, happily, utterly dead and forgotten—and pronounced Goldsmith's humour 'low.' Johnson, however, championed the 'Good-natured Man' nobly. He wrote the prologue, which was spoken by Bensley, attended the rehearsal, was present with Burke on the first night, and praised the play as the best comedy that had appeared since the 'Provoked Husband.' There had been of late, he said, no such character exhibited on the stage as that of Croaker, and, 'Sir,' continued he, 'there is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners. . . . Characters of manners are very entertaining; but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart.'

Praise like this was exactly what Goldsmith needed under his disappointment. 'To delineate character of this kind,' he declared in his Preface, 'was his principal aim;' and it was this that Johnson, first of critics as he held him to be, had at once pronounced to be the distinctive feature of the play; that which rendered it the best comedy of the age, and for the perception of which a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart. Yes; this last touch must have thoroughly satisfied 'our little bard.' The well-known phrase belongs to this comedy: Johnson had so designated him in the Prologue, but, finding it touched his sensitive feelings, altered it to 'our anxious bard.' Goldsmith not only enjoyed praise but knew how to distinguish that which was really appreciative; and Johnson's commendations, we may be sure,

helped him to bear the public's coldness, perhaps even to make that odd-sounding acknowledgment in the Preface, that 'upon the whole, the author returns his thanks to the public for the favourable reception which the "Good-natured Man" has met with.'

What he could do in comedy was only fairly shown in 'She Stoops to Conquer,' produced five years later; but the 'Good-natured Man,' though the plot is far from feasible, and the way in which the incidents are developed is often quite absurd, is full of charming passages, and surcharged with buoyant humour. The author seems to be bubbling over with that kindly wit, that genial vivacity and native tenderness and delicacy which are the perennial charm of his Vicar, but which were an utter novelty in the comedies of his time, or even in those which he had taken as his model.

The scene which Mr. Frith has represented is laid in Honeywood's house. The heedless young spendthrift has been arrested for debt, and Miss Richland, who is ardently attached to him, having heard a rumour of the misadventure, determines to call upon him, avowedly to thank him for 'choosing her little library,' but really to ascertain whether the report is true—she having, however, first directed her lawyer to pay his debts. Honeywood in his perplexity, as the bailiffs will not, of course, suffer him out of their sight, determines to introduce them to the lady as his friends. He has already bribed them to be on their best behaviour 'in case company comes,' and he now directs his servant to detain Miss Richland for a moment whilst the worst clad of the two dons his blue and gold suit, 'the first that comes to hand.'

Probably, at the first glance, most who look at the picture with at all a critical eye, fancy that Mr. Frith has exaggerated the vulgar obsequiousness of one and the coarser brutality of the other bailiff. But exaggeration and coarseness are not faults into which Mr. Frith is often (if ever) betrayed; and a cursory examination of the play will show that he has not so erred here. The

baillifs are thorough jail-birds—caricatures of the class we should have supposed them to be had any one else so represented them; but Goldsmith unluckily knew the sort of men only too well, and he has evidently drawn them carefully, and was rather proud than otherwise of the portraiture. His compatriots indeed judged otherwise. On the first night, the bailiff scene nearly proved fatal to the piece. Afterwards, as the author tells us, 'in deference to the public taste, grown of late, perhaps, too delicate, the scene of the bailiffs was retrenched in the representation.' He, however, thought too well of it to let it be lost; and so when he printed the play, for his own satisfaction, and 'in deference also to the judgment of a few friends, who think in a particular way,' the scene was restored. 'The author,' he continues, 'submits it to the reader in his closet; and hopes that too much refinement will not banish humour and character from ours, as it has already done from the French theatre.' The reader in his closet will certainly thank him for having restored a scene so essential to the development of the story, and which undoubtedly contains both humour and character in a marked degree, whilst all who see this picture may thank him for an additional pleasure, however unintended or unanticipated by the author.

As the 'Good-natured Man' is essentially a comedy of humour and character, Mr. Frith must be held to have succeeded or failed—apart from and antecedently to his technical failure or success—in proportion as he has appreciated the subtler humour of the scene and delineated the character of the actors in it: by no means an easy task for a painter. The chief personages are Honeywood, Miss Richland, and the bailiffs; let us look at them in succession.

Honeywood, the Good-natured Man of the comedy, is an open-hearted, generous young fellow—'immensely good-natured,' as Lofty sneeringly remarks—with 'that easiness of disposition which, though inclined to be right, had not courage to condemn the wrong;' who, consequently, was easily led into debt and difficulty,

and whose errors were the 'errors of a mind that only sought applause from others.' 'Splendid errors,' Goldsmith makes the good uncle, Sir William Honeywood, call them; 'splendid errors, that still took name from some neighbouring duty—charity, that was but injustice; benevolence, that was but weakness, and friendship but credulity.' Goldsmith in drawing this amiable, unselfish, affectionate, but too ductile character, was, one cannot but feel, painting from the life—himself the sinner. Only the genius is wanting to make the portrait complete.

Miss Richland appears in the play only when her presence is absolutely required. She is the favourite of every one, including the author. 'The most lovely woman that ever warmed the human heart;' and Goldsmith has done his best to credit her with intellect as well as beauty. Even her maid, Garnet—herself an eminently shrewd body—wondered how 'so innocent a face could cover so much cuteness.'

The bailiff, Timothy Twitch, is a coarse, rough-speaking fellow, who, rating his rude insolence as wit, holds that 'a joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practise the law;' and, after his insolence, cringing for a bribe, declares, 'I am sure no man can say I ever gave a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.' His follower, little Flanigan, 'has a good face, a very good face; but then he is a little seedy,' and so is put into the blue and gold suit. But his face is not his only recommendation. 'There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy cock than he. Scents like a hound; sticks like a weasel.' Both are alike vulgar, of the pot-house type of vulgarity. One would say they were not quite the men for their vocation; not active enough, nor sly, nor sleek enough; but, as was said before, Goldsmith had been himself in the hands of bailiffs, and knew the tribe.

These are the personages as Goldsmith describes them: now let us turn to the picture, and see how

Frith has painted them. They are arranged, as will be seen, in two distinct groups: the bailiffs on the right, Honeywood and Miss Richland, with her maid, on the left; a sort of natural repulsion keeping them well apart—one of those instinctive proprieties that frequently escape notice, but always mark the true artist. But not only are the groups thus opposed by their places in the picture, the contrast of refinement with vulgarity is equally brought out by the quiet, well-bred ease of one set of persons as compared with the exaggerated attitudes of the others in their awkward attempts to appear genteel. And here, in this first broad general view, may be observed the concord of the attitude of each, the position of the limbs and the movement of the hands, with the expression of their respective countenances; and along with this the simplicity and naturalness of the individual pose, and of the arrangement of the whole.

The central figure of the composition is the Good-natured Man. Honeywood is a tall, slim young fellow, very gentlemanly, very good-looking, evidently amiable, and, like the original, rather insipid. Though in a morning habit, he is faultlessly attired according to the fashion of the middle of the last century. Over an embroidered silver-coloured silk waistcoat, with long flap-pockets, brown velvet breeches, and silk stockings, he has thrown negligently a long yellow dressing-gown, so as to show the blue lining. His right hand holds lightly the tips of his visitor's fingers, and, with assumed nonchalance, he introduces to her 'two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan.'

The expression of Miss Richland's face, at first half-puzzled but now gliding into certainty, as she looks towards these uncouth specimens of humanity, is very happily rendered. You can see, and follow step by step, her *aside*, as plainly as though you heard it—'Who can these odd-looking men be? I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so.' But Miss Richland is altogether one of Mr. Frith's happiest efforts. She is

bending in a gracious but formal courtesy—an attitude that seldom appears graceful in a picture, and here she is evidently constrained by involuntary repugnance of the men to whom she is paying this outward tribute of respect—yet there is no question possible respecting her ease and breeding. As Goldsmith says of *Mdlle. Clarion*, 'Her first appearance is excessively engaging.' And her elegance is not merely superficial. She has the perfect ease and polish of good society, but there is the charm of frankness and innate kindness. Lovely as is her face, it is bettered by the sweetness, tenderness, and intelligence that irradiate it.

It is not till you have well studied her face that you observe how becomingly and unobtrusively she is attired, and how skillfully the artist has noted the rich dress and peculiar fashion of the time—how free, in a word, from all awkwardness and ostentation the costume sits. For the benefit of our fair readers who may not have immediate access to the original painting, we will make a brief note of Miss Richland's attire, not very accurate, perhaps, for we are utterly ignorant in mercery, but sufficient to supplement the engraving. It is, it will be remembered, the morning walking dress of the days when George the Third was young, or a little earlier; the days when

'Oft in dreams invention they'd bestow  
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.'

The flounced and furbelowed potticoat—plainly the main feature, the pith and essence of the dress, that which serves as support and motive of all the rest—is a rich, figured, pale drab lutestrig; and over it is the open skirt, also of a light silk, but of a different texture and more creamy hue. The black hat is lined with crimson taffety, which, with the large red bow at her bosom, serves, as a painter would say, to clear and brighten, or, as we might phrase it, to set off, or give health and tone to her pearly complexion. Her hands are gloved, the left resting in Honeywood's, the right in a natty little figured silk muff. A short black cloak completes a very

pretty and ladylike costume. And the ladylike character of her beauty, dress, and bearing is rendered the more obvious by the contiguity of the plebeian good looks and plainer habit of her maid, Garnet, standing immediately behind her.

With equal distinctness, though with more appearance of effort, is the vulgarity of the opposite group brought out. Twitch, the principal bailiff, a churlish, broad-shouldered fellow, not having had time to don a suit of Honeywood's, is accoutred in his own rough brown horseman's coat, long red waistcoat, velvet shorts, and dirty top-boots, his thoroughly blackguard costume being completed by a coloured belcher twisted untidily about his neck, and a curled coachman's wig. A glance is enough to account for Miss Richland's dislike; but it needs a perusal of the play to be satisfied that the make-up is not overdone. In little Flanagan's genuine Hibernian face, red shock hair, and obsequious bow, we have the low Irish runner exactly hit off. Mr. Frith has put a brass-headed constable's staff in the hand behind his back, seemingly to indicate more clearly his office; but for this purpose it was hardly necessary, and for any other it was not wanted. Flanagan would scarcely have taken out his emblem of authority in such a presence, at least after what had occurred between him and Honeywood. To us it seems the one mistake in the composition, and Mr. Frith, if he were to repeat the picture, which he is not likely to do, would, we have little doubt, omit it.

The two groups are, as was said, entirely distinct and strongly contrasted. But observe how cleverly Mr. Frith has, by a simple little incident, connected them, and, at the same time, enforced the contrast between them. In taking Honeywood's hand Miss Richland has let slip from hers the ribbon by which she held her spaniel, and he has run forward, and is now looking up and sniffing suspiciously at the bailiffs, marking, as significantly as dog can, his scorn of 'the vulgar rogues.' And observe, on the other hand, how

skillfully the principal group is, to speak technically, carried out of the picture by Honeywood's servant standing with the half-open door in his hand, watching furtively the curious rencontre; hinting by his sly looks at what has gone before, and indicating the out-of-the-way character of the scene. And further, whilst noticing this little evidence of artistic completeness, we may be pardoned for calling attention to the marks of study in the introduction of the various accessories, their propriety, careful execution, and yet entire subordination. Apart from the conception of character and dramatic power, the composition and execution of the picture would attest it the work of a consummate artist.

The 'Catalogue of the Sheepshanks Collection,' to which this picture belongs, says of Mr. Frith (with some unnecessary dislocation of grammar), 'The thoroughly English character of his subjects have made his works great favourites with the public.' There can be no doubt that the English character of his works has done much towards insuring their popularity. But he is so great a favourite in reality because he represents familiar scenes and agreeable subjects not only with scrupulous accuracy, but with exquisite tact and refinement—qualities rarely found in previous painters of similar scenes—thus lifting them out of the category of mere commonplace imitation, and breaking the chain of traditional treatment. He thus, while in his earlier works taking a position between Leslie and Mulready, vindicated his claim to originality of conception and treatment, and originality is what the public seldom fails to recognize.

The secret of his originality, we suspect, lies in his having had the good fortune or courage to select a class of subjects exactly corresponding to his personal tastes, and working them out in his own way. And this seems the more likely from his inferior success in subjects chosen for him, and when working under enforced conditions. Take, for example, his 'Claude Duval,' or even 'The Railway Station.' Every

line and touch exhibits the conscientious labour bestowed upon them, but every line is equally wanting in spontaneity.

But we must not part from the picture before us without remarking how well it illustrates Mr. Frith's anxiety to make even the simplest subject as perfect as possible. The more carefully it is examined, the more clearly will it be seen that every part has been deliberately studied, probably before a touch

was given to the actual painting, and that it was then patiently wrought out, with a continuous regard to each part, and to the effect of the whole. As it now appears, the seeming ease with which it has been executed might lead an incautious observer to underrate the labour bestowed upon it. Undoubtedly it was painted with comparative facility, but such facility could only have resulted from long years of intelligent practice.

## SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH BENCH AND BAR.

### III.

#### *The late Lord Chief Baron.*

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, it was well said some ten years ago, is a 'wonderful and venerable man'; and, of course, he is now even still more wonderful and venerable. There is no one living who, at his great age, and after a life of such unceasing exertion, retains such wonderful vivacity and vigour. His countenance, which reminds one of that of an old lion, bears the impress of intellect, energy, and thought. It is the countenance of one gifted with a great intellect, which has been highly educated and nobly exercised. It is the head of a man who was a senior wrangler some half a century ago, and who, after some thirty years of forensic struggles and forensic triumphs, and twenty years of judicial labours, finds his recreation in the most abstruse mathematics, and at the same time is playful and pleasant as a child. There is the great secret of the Lord Chief Baron's vivacity and vigour. He has always been in heart and spirit a boy. When a boy, he must have been of a noble and manly character, and when he is an old man, his heart retains the freshness of a boy's. He is one of those of whom our great poet so beautifully speaks, who in their youth were temperate and abstinent—

'Therefore his age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty but kindly.'

There is no one upon the Bench—we lament that he is there no longer—who better deserves a place in these pages than the late Lord Chief Baron, both because of his amazing vigour of mind, and his marked and remarkable character, and also on account of the interest he takes in matters of literature, science, and art. We believe there is not a single judge whose mind takes such a wide range, and at the same time penetrates so deeply into science. He takes a deep interest in every branch of science or of art; is President of the Photographic Institution, and not long since presided at one of their assemblies; and are they not proud of the venerable old man?

The prevailing characteristic of the Lord Chief Baron's countenance is one of solemn dignity—one might almost say majesty. There is no judge on the Bench—nor has there ever been within living memory—one who equalled or even resembled him in this. Any one who looks at his photograph or portrait must be struck with it. There is something in it wonderfully expressive of intellect, energy, and dignity. There is a combination of these attributes to be observed reflected in it, to be looked for in vain in any other judge.



dicial personage. In repose, the expression is one of mild, calm, intellectual dignity, with an immensity of latent energy; and when that energy is raised, the aspect of the countenance is majestic.

He certainly was a wonderful man, that old Chief Baron. His intellect was perfect, though his bodily strength was weak. For a few hours in a day he could still apply the mighty power of his mind to legal labours, and the vast aid they derived from practice and experience would for a time more than counterbalance his physical weakness. He was weak, however, and could not do much work at a time, and a long hard day's work was too much for him. While his strength lasted, however, his vigour and vivacity were wonderful at his age. His utterance and mode of speaking were always exceedingly energetic and emphatic, and there was a certain measured, stately tone of delivery which wonderfully enhanced its dignity. While at the bar, his oratory was remarkable for dignity; and there was no advocate who assumed so lofty a tone, and gave one so much the idea of Roman dignity. This tone and manner, of course, were well suited to the Bench, and while Sir Frederick sat in the Exchequer he carried himself with as lofty a dignity as any one in living memory. He was good-natured and genial withal; but his countenance and manner were always remarkable for a certain solemnity and dignity, which were his chief characteristics, and in which no judge on the Bench equalled him. Having so enlarged and cultivated a mind, he had great variety of ideas, and clothed them with a happy felicity of language; and all this, united with his dignity of delivery made him a most effective and emphatic speaker. His annual addresses to the Lord Mayor in the Court of Exchequer were masterpieces of that species of eloquence in which very few men excel. Probably there is not a man on the Bench who could have delivered them. There was, however, about the Lord Chief Baron, at times, an overbearing vehemence of tone and

energy of language perfectly astounding in so old a man; and if it were not that he was so very old and venerated, it would not be tolerated. He was, however, regarded with veneration, not merely as an old man, but as a very wonderful old man, as he still is. His style of speaking upon the Bench was sometimes, perhaps, too discursive: he was fond of philosophic generalities; he digressed, as the wags of the Bar would say, 'into all manner of disquisitions upon abstract moral questions;' but still his ideas were fine, and his style was grand; although, as his manner was always very solemn and emphatic and Johnsonian, the exaggeration of it in those moods of his was somewhat amusing. The fine old fellow had a nap pretty regularly, about the middle of the day. His waking, however, was often exceedingly comical. He would start up, seize his pen, and with imperturbable gravity say to the counsel who was arguing, 'What page did you cite?' as though he had been following him closely through all his citations. For the most part he left the ordinary work of his court to his *puisses*, who were very fond of their chief, and were very glad to do his work for him as far as they could; and if the Bar were dissatisfied, they bore it, from admiration and veneration for him, and a melancholy feeling that, with all his faults and failings, he would leave a sad gap in Westminster Hall, and it would not be easy to replace his vast power, his majestic dignity, and the matured wisdom of his long experience.

This, indeed, was what the old man said himself, when they pressed him to resign. 'Find me,' he proudly said, 'a man whom Westminster Hall will deem my equal, old as I am, and I'll resign to-morrow.' There the old man was right. Who could sit in his place without provoking painful comparisons?

They tell a capital story of the Chief Baron: that one who wished him to resign, waited on him, and hinted at it, and suggested it, for his own sake, entirely with a view to

the prolongation of his valued life, and so forth. The old man rose, and said with his grim, dry gravity, 'Will you dance with me?' The guest stood aghast, as the Lord Chief Baron, who prides himself particularly upon his legs, began to caper about with a certain youth-like vivacity. Seeing his visitor standing surprised, he capered up to him, and said, 'Well, if you won't dance with me, will you box with me?' And with that he squared up to him; and half in jest, and half in earnest, fairly boxed him out of the room. The old Chief Baron had no more visitors anxiously inquiring after his health, and courteously suggesting retirement.

Even then, when there was a case which has great interest, as the case of the 'Alexandra,' or the case of Muller, he 'warmed to his work, and did it, if not well, at all events with a wonderful vigour and an energy which at his age was really marvellous. Memory, however, began to play him tricks; he was, like all old men, fond of relying on it, and that was a dangerous habit for an old judge, for it may fail him, and lead him into sad mistakes.

But there could be no doubt of the vivacity and vigour of the old man's mind; and, though his voice was feeble with age, still it retained its measured, emphatic utterance, its dignity of delivery, its impressive manner, and its solemn tone.

The peculiar characteristic of the Chief Baron's features is a certain solemn dignity. This aspect they never lost, even when he was aroused to energy. He always spoke in the same measured and emphatic manner, even when, as often was the case, he raised the tone of his voice, in the heat of argument or discussion when he was impatient of opposition, and declaimed with vehemence. There was no one on the Bench who united, to such a degree, dignity and energy. At times his earnestness was almost impassioned; yet he never lost this dignity of manner and emphatic, dogmatic, solemnity of tone. He became, indeed, more dogmatic and dignified the more he was opposed, and propounded propo-

sitions as if he were pronouncing sentence. When his mind was fairly engaged in argument, no one can have an idea of his vehemence and vigour; and he was a match, in these moods, for the whole Bar put together. He was like an old lion at bay; and woe to any one who came near him. He would lay in the dust all who dared to oppose him, and then fold his arms, lean back on his seat, and look calmly and proudly down upon them, appearing at such moments what he undoubtedly was—a wonderful and venerable man.

The Lord Chief Baron was prone to the expression of strong general views, which he conveyed in a manner eminently characteristic, with an idiomatic vigour and originality almost amusing. 'If,' said he, on one occasion—'if every man were to take advantage of every occasion to have "the law" of his neighbour, life would not be long enough for the litigation which would result. *All flesh and blood would be turned into plaintiffs and defendants!*' The reader must imagine this uttered in a slow, distinct, deliberate, solemn voice, with considerable energy, and a raising of the tone at the words in italics. This may serve as a specimen of the Lord Chief Baron's style. It is full of the emphatic utterances of general principles, or broad moral sentiments, which he sometimes makes the basis of his legal views; whence it is that they were often uncommonly loose and unsatisfactory; and, though sometimes the utterances of the old man had a breadth of view, and elevation of idea which, united with great dignity and energy of expression, made them eloquent, they often broke away from the bounds of law, and have even afforded ample food for waggers.

The Lord Chief Baron was so apt to take broad bold views, and to act upon them boldly and abruptly, by directing a nonsuit, or verdict for the defendant, that 'Pollock's nonsuits' passed into a byword; and a distinguished advocate now on the Bench has been heard to say, 'Oh, it was one of the Chief Baron's nonsuits!' Not long ago

in a case of some magnitude, in which a host of eminent men were engaged on either side, he took upon himself suddenly to direct a nonsuit, absolutely astounding every one on both sides; there being evidence both ways, and a strong case for the jury. The nonsuit was, of course, set aside, though it was in his own court; he himself could scarcely attempt to uphold it. There is not a single judge but himself who would have ventured upon that nonsuit; nor has there been one within living memory who would have dared to do it. The old Chief Baron had been always characterised by a high tone of lofty audacity; and he had not yet lost that trait. Age, with him, had certainly not brought timidity; on the contrary, it seemed to have brought greater boldness: the audacity had augmented with his years. Such a nonsuit as that, at an age of nearly eighty, was probably without parallel in legal memory.

Sir Frederick has a fondness, not only for science and literature, but for art; and several arts he practises himself—photography, for instance. He possesses also a wonderful skill in caligraphy, which he is fond of turning to purposes of amusement. He practises all sorts of innocent deceptions upon his friends, being able to imitate any handwriting perfectly. He once wrote a most absurd opinion, in the name of a learned friend of his at the Bar, and sent it to him, perplexing him most painfully by its apparent genuineness and its monstrous absurdity. There was the signature—or what seemed to be so—and the handwriting; apparently beyond all doubt: but the *matter*—it was downright, stark nonsense. The poor barrister could not make it out, until, all of a sudden, he remembered the Chief Baron's skill in caligraphy, and was consoled, and at the same time amazed and amused beyond measure at his illustrious friend's success. On another occasion, it is said, the Chief Baron forged the signature of a friend of his—an eminent dramatic author—to an 'order' for admission to a theatre—having already got a genu-

ine one, and desirous of seeing whether he could counterfeit it. He did so, and substituted the forged one for the genuine one; and it was so perfect a counterfeit that it was passed as readily as the genuine one would have been, which the Chief Baron retained, to show to his literary friend, and triumph over him in his caligraphical skill. His friend said, 'Why, my Lord Chief Baron, you would have made a *first-rate forger*!' 'Shouldn't I?' said the Chief Baron; 'I should have beaten Fauntleroy out and out, and even surpassed the illustrious Patch.'

The Lord Chief Baron was proud, as well he might be, of his age,—or rather, of his perfect possession of his mental powers, and his fitness for judicial duties at such an age. 'I am' (he is fond of saying) 'the oldest judge who has ever been known to sit on the English Bench. I am eighty-two. Lord Mansfield never, I believe, sat after he was eighty.' There are stronger instances on the Irish Bench, we believe; but then the work of an Irish Chief is nothing to that of an English Chief: and no one ever dreamt that the Lord Chief Baron was not perfectly able to discharge his judicial duties with efficiency, so far as mental power went.

The Lord Chief Baron was proud, as well he might be, of his family, and his descendants. Being lately asked if he had yet attained the dignity of a great-grandfather, he answered, proudly, 'Yes, indeed; I have five great-grandchildren.' He added, 'The total number of my descendants is sixty-five.' What a patriarchal dignity and happiness the old judge had attained unto! He had indeed, in the language of Scripture, lived to see his children's children, unto the third and fourth generation. At the last assizes at Kingston—the last at which he ever sat—one or two of his grandchildren, some fine young girls, the daughters of one of his sons, were sitting beside him on the Bench:

\* The man who in the last century kept up for a series of years the most astounding system of forgery on the Bank, as narrated in 'All the Year Round.'

and it was pleasant to see how benignly the old man looked upon them from time to time, and how their fair young cheeks flushed with happy pride as he smiled, and said a few playful words to them; and how delighted, and with what affectionate veneration his son—their father—looked upon them. Altogether, it was a fine family picture; and one could not fail to see that all that domestic happiness can bring a man in his old age had fallen to the lot of the Lord Chief Baron, and that he was loved and honoured by his children and his children's children.

Sir Frederick is just the sort of old man that young people are so fond of. Grave, yet playful; with a quiet, gentle gravity, as of a great intellect taking its last calm look on life, and looking at all around it with a loving spirit, blended with natural playfulness, ever breaking out in many a graceful pleasantry; a calm and cheerful temperament, as of a man who has made the most of life, and spent it wisely, and feels it now drawing towards a close, desires to be at peace with all, and with thankfulness and cheerfulness to yield it up when called upon.

Sir Frederick is a man whose juvenile energy, vitality, and vivacity are perfectly inexhaustible. There was a story current not long ago, that he had actually, at his venerable age, taken a fancy to *learn German*!—and in order that he might *read German works*! Any one who has the most distant idea of the difficulty of learning the German language—especially at such an advanced age—and of the depth and extent of German literature, will be at once amazed and amused at the idea of a judge, at the age of eighty-two, proposing to learn that language, with the object of reading that literature. What a thorough confidence in his own vitality; what a consciousness of his own unwaning energies and unwavering powers this shows! We do not know how far the fact is literally true; but we heard it as currently reported among the Bar, and we have reason to believe it to be true: and even if it

be not literally correct, we are sure that there was some foundation for it; and the very currency of such a story shows the sense universally entertained of the Chief Baron's exhaustless energies.

It is a remarkable fact, that of the three 'chiefs,' Sir Frederick Pollock was by many years the oldest, and that he was decidedly—on the whole—the youngest, in the elasticity of his energies, and the buoyancy—we might say the boyishness—of his spirits. There was just ten years' difference in their respective ages: Sir A. Cockburn, 62; Sir W. Erle, 72; and Sir F. Pollock, 82; and though, no doubt, Sir W. Erle was more robust, and could stand a longer and harder task of judicial labour, at a time, than either of the others, yet in point of elasticity and buoyancy, and unwavering freshness of vigour and vivacity, the Lord Chief Baron surpassed the two other, and far younger Chiefs, albeit he was full ten years older than one, and twenty years older than the other.

At length, however, the decline of physical strength warned the fine old man that it would be wiser and better to retire, while his mental powers remained unimpaired, and fully able to enjoy the repose of retirement. Long may he live to enjoy it!

#### THE LORD CHIEF BARON,

#### SIR FITZROY KELLY.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly was, when elevated to the Bench, the father of the English Bar; at all events, there was no one at the Bar of an eminence equal to his in age and standing in the profession. He was contemporary with Erle and Pollock, and had retired from ordinary practice about twenty years, about the period they had been on the Bench. His features thoroughly express the chief trait of his forensic character—deep, earnest, concentrated energy. There was a wonderful compressed energy in his tone and manner of delivery, every word weighted with deep emphasis—in this respect resembling Erle, only with more perfect elocution.



and it was pleasant to see how benignly the old man looked upon them from time to time and how their fair young cheeks flushed with happy pride as he smiled, and said a few playful words to them; and how delighted and with what affectionate animation his son—their father—looked upon them. Altogether, it was a fine family picture; and one could not fail to see that all that domestic happiness can bring a man in his old age had fallen to the lot of the Lord Chief Baron, and that he was loved and honoured by his children and his children's children.

Sir Frederick is just the sort of old man that young people are so fond of. Grave, yet playful; with a quiet, gentle gravity, as of a great intellect taking its last calm look on life and looking at all around it with a loving eye, flooded with memory's pictures, yet breathing age's calm, peaceful, victorious, serene and contented tranquillity, as of a man who has made the most of life, and spent it wisely, and feels it now drawing towards a close, desirous to be at peace with all, and with thankfulness and cheerfulness to yield it up when called upon.

Sir Frederick is a man whose juvenile energy, vitality, and vivacity are perfectly inexhaustible. There was a story current not long ago, that he had actually, at his venerable age, taken a fancy to learn *German*—and in order that he might read *German works*! Any one who has the most distant idea of the difficulty of learning the German language—especially at such an advanced age—and of the depth and extent of German literature, will be at once amazed and amused at the idea of a judge, at the age of eighty-two, proposing to learn that language, with the object of reading that literature. What a thorough confidence in his own vitality; what a consciousness of his own unwaning energies and unwavering powers this shows! We do not know how far the fact is literally true; but we heard it as currently reported among the Bar, and we have reason to believe it to be true; and even if it

be not literally correct, we are sure that there was some foundation for it; and the very currency of such a story shows the sense universally entertained of the Chief Baron's exhaustless energies.

It is a remarkable fact, indeed, the three 'chiefs,' Sir Frederick Pollock was by many years the eldest, and that he was decidedly—the whole—the youngest, in the intensity of his energies, and the buoyancy—he might say the boyishness—of his spirits. There was just the greater difference in their respective ages: Sir A. Cockburn, 62; Sir W. Erie, 72; and Sir F. Pollock, 82; and though, no doubt, Sir W. Erie was more robust, and could stand a longer and harder task of judicial labour, at a time, than either of the others, yet in point of elasticity and buoyancy, and unwavering freshness of vigour and vivacity, the Lord Chief Baron surpassed the two other, and Sir George Cockburn, who was fifteen years older than Sir W. Erie, and twenty years older than the other.

At length, however, the decline of physical strength overtook the fine old man; that it was no wonder and better to retire, when the constant pressure required was unequalled, and fully able to enjoy the repose of retirement. Long may he live to enjoy it!

#### THE LORD CHIEF BARON,

##### SIR FITZROY KELLY.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly was, when elevated to the Bench, the father of the English Bar; at all events, there was no one at the Bar of an eminence equal to him in age and standing in the profession. He was contemporary with Erie and Pollock, and had retired from ordinary practice about twenty years, about the period they had been on the Bench. His features thoroughly express the chief trait of an heroic character—deep, intense, concentrated energy. There was a wonderful compressed energy in his tone and manner of delivery, every word weighted with deep emphasis—in this respect resembling Erie, only with more patient elocution.





SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK.





LORD CHIEF BARON<sup>IN</sup> KELLY.



It would be impossible to look upon the countenance of Sir Fitzroy without seeing, even if one had never heard anything of his previous career, that he was a man of remarkable energy. Deep, condensed, concentrated energy is the predominant idea his countenance conveys, combined with a kind of keen, piercing, suspicious penetrativeness of glance. There is no intellect, no genius, no engaging air of frankness; it is the look of a man of a determined, iron energy, and a man by nature and character, keen, watchful, and wary.

Sir Fitzroy had great forensic power. His only fault was monotony; and that had grown upon him with years. When a younger man, he had so much warmth and energy as to hide it; but of late years it was observable, and there was a tautology and a tediousness which gave a dulness to his delivery; but still, under all this dulness you could see the remains of a first-rate forensic speaker and a formidable advocate; and even to the last, when warmed by a great cause, there would break forth some flashes of his former eloquence, showing that 'even in his ashes burn the wonted fires.'

Sir Fitzroy, however, had so long retired from ordinary practice—twenty years at least—that he had become half-forgotten in Westminster Hall; and few who saw and heard him on the rare occasions of his appearance there could remember his forensic achievements thirty years ago, when Follett, and Pollock, and Erle were at the Bar, and Lyndhurst sat where he sits now. During that long interval he had been more of a politician than an advocate, and he had achieved a parliamentary position and reputation. He had, however, acquired enormous experience at the Common Law Bar before he left it; he went a good deal into Chancery, and the House of Lords, and the Queen's Bench, in great cases; his mind, of course, was much enlarged by his parliamentary career. He has great gravity, and some dignity of manner: he preserves the proper demeanour of a judge; is calm, patient, pains-

taking, and considerate; and keeps his Court well in order; and as his mental powers are still in their full vigour, he makes an admirable and invaluable Lord Chief Baron.

#### THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ERLE.

Lord Chief Justice Erle, though some few years younger than the late Lord Chief Baron, and not so wonderful a man, bid fair to be as venerable. He is a man of less vivacity and less demonstrative energy. His energy is more concentrated, so to speak; his mind is less enlarged and elastic; his manner is more quiet and constrained; his countenance, though not so majestic, has more settled gravity in its expression; his features are not so fine, but his face is more grave. Then his voice, also, is more subdued and restrained; his utterance is slow, grave, and sustained; with no variety of inflection, no alteration of tone—monotonous, though earnest, with a kind of unchanging emphasis, very different from the demonstrative and impressive earnestness, the altered tones and heightened accents of the late Lord Chief Baron. Sir William Erle was never known to raise his voice to a declamatory tone during all the twenty years he had been upon the Bench. And even when he was at the Bar, he was strikingly argumentative—never declamatory. His style of speaking was plain and homely. He has a fine fresh florid countenance, with a mixture of good-nature and shrewdness. His eyes are keen, yet kindly, and his whole air and aspect are thoroughly gentlemanly. Yet there is a smack of homeliness about him, and in his voice a trace of provincialism or rusticity. There is a compressed energy in his delivery, shown more in earnest emphasis than in raised tones of voice; indeed, the tone is nearly always the same, and this makes it somewhat monotonous; but its honesty, its very homeliness, its earnestness, its good sense always win the utmost attention, and gives great influence to what he says.

He summed up in a plain, earnest, sensible way, and never lost a certain gravity of demeanour which approached to dignity. His whole manner and demeanour were exceedingly judicial; and as he was hard-working, sensible, and full of quiet, business-like energy, he was thought one of the best of our judges. As he grew older and older, he reminded one of the venerable Tindal. He had a sense of quiet humour, and rather liked it; and, not long ago, he said to a counsel, who apologized for a sally of wit which set the court laughing, 'The court is very much obliged to any learned gentleman who beguiles the tedium of a legal argument with a little honest hilarity.' But he himself had no wit or humour in him, nor any spice of that solemn waggery in which the old Chief Baron so delighted; altogether he was a graver character. He resembled greatly in his occasional satirical style of observation—though not in the musical voice and classic delivery—Lord Lyndhurst. There was often something in his tone which seemed to recal Lyndhurst, before whom he practised a great deal, for whom he had a great admiration, and who made him judge. He resembled him in the calmness of his manner, and the apparent coldness of his tone; arising not from any deficiency of feeling—for his feelings are strong—but from their stern compression under habitual self-restraint. It is no secret that, naturally, his feelings are strong, but that he had for a long course of years, so kept them under stern restraint, that no one remembers any outbreak. He belonged to an old school, of which he and the late Lord Chief Baron and Sir Fitzroy Kelly are the last living representatives. They all had this common characteristic: a certain measured emphasis of utterance—which belonged to a time when speaking was more oratorical than it is now. It was least so in Sir William Erle, whose nature is simple and whose style is quiet; still it was apparent in his delivery, which was most monotonous, and least relieved by variety of

inflection or change of tone. Sir William Erle is naturally of an amiable character. His tastes and pursuits are more rural than studious; he is attached to animals, especially horses and dogs; he is fond of open air exercise; he spends most of his leisure riding about. He is not a sportsman, for he hates the idea of killing any living thing (except vermin), and they say he won't have the birds shot on his land, and that it is a paradise for the feathered tribe. He may often be seen, when in the country, with dogs fondling him, and they say the very cart horses on his farm know him. He is a thorough English gentleman, with a fine honest nature and fine manly tastes and pursuits. All this you could see on his countenance; and if engravings had but colour, and could give the ruddy freshness of his cheek, or the clear blue of his eye, you would see it in his likeness; as it is, you can catch the keen yet kindly expression of his face, with his pleasant aspect—so shrewd, so sensible, so genial.

Few men were more beloved and admired than Sir William Erle. His heart was even better than his head; and his good and genial qualities amply excused any infirmities of his mind.

A skilful physiognomist would probably say, looking at the countenance of Sir William Erle, that his is not a mind; as broad as it is powerful: not so comprehensive as it is strong in its grasp, and not so quick in its glance as it is tenacious in its hold. And these impressions of his mental character would be tolerably correct. His mind was not so much by any means so marked by breadth as it was by depth. He got at the bottom of a subject, so far as he went into it, but then he was apt to take up one part of it, rather than to embrace and comprehend the whole. He has a powerful mind, but a mind rather powerful in its grasp of what it once lays hold of, than in getting hold of the whole of what is to be got hold of. The complaint of Erle was, that he was not unlikely to be so firm and immovable, on his first



impression of a case, as never to alter it: in which respect he resembled a good deal Baron Martin. When Erle, they said, had formed his impression, as to getting him to alter it, you might as well try to move one of the Pyramids. This trait in his character was often, nay, constantly displayed. It is the key to his whole character. He himself, in his grave, good-humoured way, often avowed, and displayed, this trait of character. Thus one day, at judge's chambers, after having been pressed very strongly for some time against his own views by counsel (a capital fellow, one Tom Clark), the Chief Justice said, with quaint good humour, 'Mr. Clark, *I'm one of the most obstinate men in the world.*' 'God forbid,' said Tom, 'that I should be so rude as to contradict your Lordship.' He laughed, with the most thorough enjoyment. Thus, one day, after hearing Mr. Bovill, as he thought, long enough, against a new trial, he rose up, stuck his thumbs in his girdle, and, with a comic look of humorous determination, and a sly twinkle in his eye, as if he quite saw the fun of it, and enjoyed it, said, 'Here we stand, Mr. Bovill, we four men; and we have all *firmly* made up our minds' (with an immense emphasis on "*firmly*") 'that there must be a new trial. If you think it worth while going on after that' (playfully), 'why, of course, we'll hear you, Mr. Bovill.' It need hardly be said that even Mr. Bovill—who himself is tenacious enough, and utterly inexhaustible in words—could not stand up any longer, but sat down laughing. On another occasion, the Lord Chief Justice said—'Mr. So-and-so, there is a time in every man's mind, at which he *lets down the floodgates* of his understanding, and allows not one drop more to enter; and *that time, in my mind, has fully arrived.*' It was, of course, hopeless to say more: the intense emphasis with which it was spoken made it so expressive of relentless determination and fixed, immovable resolve. Now, Cockburn would no more have said either of these things than he would have stood on his head in

open court. And no one who knows the judges would hesitate for a single instant, if he were told the story without the name, as to who *did* say them. It is curious how an anecdote may illustrate a character. There is often an idiosyncrasy in a single expression which reveals its author, and portrays his character.

In many traits of his mental and judicial character Lord Chief Justice Erle resembles the late Lord Chief Justice Campbell, with whom he sat so long on the Queen's Bench—the same energy; the same iron will; the same grave, solid—almost stolid—gravity and silence; the same slow manner, and quiet, earnest, dogged demeanour. It is curious to see how eminent men borrow of each other some prevailing traits of manner, resulting, no doubt, partly from some resemblance in character. There was the same obstinacy in Campbell as in Erle. To move his mind, once made up, was like trying to remove from its base one of the granite mountains of his native land. And it was scarcely less hard in the case of Erle.

Some years ago a writer in a quarterly described Erle as, 'Bating a little English obstinacy, the best of our judges on the Bench of Common Law.' This obstinacy was the one flaw in Erle's judicial character, and though he was always invested with the strongest sense of justice, it often tended to counteract it. It was a defect which arose from his mental character. There was no sufficient power in Erle's mind of balancing opposite views. As if conscious of that, his great object was to get one view firmly into his mind, and what that shall be was determined, sometimes, perhaps, a little, by preconceived impressions. There was not a particle of philosophy in Erle's mind. He was what he calls 'practical,' and he never delivered a judgment or a charge in which he did not allude to 'practical experience,' and the views he took were always rather practical than philosophical. And he had had, no doubt, a vast deal of the practical experience he so prized, and he had immense energy, and sound judgment, and great power of work,

and, on the whole, the Bar deemed him a 'strong' judge.

Sir William Erle, with all his faults, left a void which will not easily be filled. Occurring so soon after the retirement of Sir Frederick Pollock, it was the more felt. His retirement, as it took place in full term, was a most impressive scene, which none who witnessed it will ever forget. The whole Bar felt that they had sustained a grievous loss, and never was a judge more missed from his accustomed seat.

#### MR. JUSTICE BYLES.

Mr. Justice Byles, though he was on the Bench before Sir Fitzroy, is a younger man than he is; and it was only just as Sir Fitzroy had reached the climax of his forensic career, some twenty years ago, that Byles became frequently his rival. The memorable case of Tawell, in which Mr. Serjeant Byles conducted the case for the prosecution, and Sir F. Kelly for the defence, was the most striking occasion in which they were brought in contact, Byles being then ready for his elevation to the Bench, and Sir Fitzroy for his retirement from regular forensic practice.

Mr. Justice Byles deserves portraiture in the same class as Pollock, and Erle, and Kelly, because he belongs emphatically to the 'old school'—the school, for example, of Campbell, who for thirty years was the constant antagonist of Pollock; the school of Tindal, and Kelly, and Erle; a grave, slow, sturdy, methodic, decorous, dignified school, bringing more to mind what the old lawyers of past ages might have been, and what, from their portraits, we should fancy that they were.

The prevailing characteristics of the countenance of Byles are—calm energy, great caution, and stolid gravity. There is a remarkable and unmistakable look of firmness in the forehead, especially just over the eye. Somebody who had seen him in a great cause at the Bar of the Lords, said 'he looked like a lion,' and so he did. There is an iron energy about the forehead and eyes and the whole face very

rarely met with; and his tone and manner of speech was what one might fancy from such a countenance—quiet, calm, slow, grave, sententious, with a sort of compressed energy and iron terseness, so to speak, which is wonderfully impressive.

His manner, even at the Bar, was rather judicial than forensic, and was quite the manner of the old lawyers. He had more the air of a judge than an advocate; and he seemed marked out by nature for his present position. In this respect he resembled the late Lord Campbell, whose great *forte* was gravity, and it is wonderful what a force there is in it. Upon his model Byles formed his style. He has the very gesture of Campbell, the only one he ever allowed himself,—standing still and immovable as a statue,—and holding up his right hand. It is a simple gesture, but when done slowly, solemnly, calmly, with a grave air, and an earnest utterance, it has an impressive effect. At all events it was all the action Campbell or Byles ever had, and it went a great way with them. Byles recalls old Campbell more than any other judge on the Bench. There was no man at the Bar so cautious—some said crafty—as Byles. There is a story of one of the Guildhall jurors being overheard to say, when Byles entered the court, 'Here comes old Crafty!' He was indeed a most formidable antagonist; always astute and observant; ever watchful, and ever wary; calm, cool, and collected; never off his guard for an instant. He was really such a man as you might imagine Coke to have been, or Cecil—grave, cold, astute, taciturn, keen, observant, cautious, suspicious, undemonstrative, unimpassioned, full of deep, quiet energy, though without warmth, without eloquence; that is, eloquence, as a thing of genius and warmth and imagination. There was plenty of force and power—very weighty were those words of his, falling so gravely and with such compressed energy from his lips; and even now, upon the Bench, in summing up an important case, there is not a single judge upon the Bench (since Pollock)

whose tone and manner have such an impressive effect, such an air of solemn dignity, as Mr. Justice Byles. This, and a certain vein of quaint, grave, dry humour, and a fondness for old-fashioned 'saws' and sayings, make him quite one of the 'old school,' and carry us back ages in our 'mind's eye' to the days of the old Elizabethan lawyers. If any one wishes to have an idea how they looked, and spoke, and expressed themselves, the best way is to look at Mr. Justice Byles. Also, if one wishes to have a notion of the difference between the old school, and the new school, let him, after looking at Byles, look at Bramwell. If he wants to go further back than Elizabethan times, and have an idea of the rude, rough, blunt vigour of older days, let him look at Martin—or, rather, look at and listen to him—and he will have an idea of what judges were in ages before they were formal and conventional, as they had become in Eliza-

bethan days, and as exemplified in Mr. Justice Byles. But, indeed, there would be no need to go out of his own court to seek at once a resemblance and a contrast; for by his side sits Mr. Justice Willes, quite Elizabethan in his aspect—

‘With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut.’

and the Chief of his Court is Sir William Bovill, keen, quick, sharp, fluent, off-hand in his tone and manner, quite of the modern school, and as great a contrast to Byles as it is possible to conceive. But that Mr. Justice Byles belongs so emphatically to the old school of which he and Sir Fitzroy are now the last upon the Bench, it would have been unfit to give him precedence to the Chief Justice; and, on the other hand, the Chief Justice must not be brought in at the end of a chapter, and he will, therefore, as the head of the new school of judges commence the next group of sketches.



## PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

## CHAPTER VII.

## KIN AND KIND.

IT was hard on Miss Lyon to be compelled to surrender her own judgment on a matter that was of much moment to her; but, on the whole, it was expedient that she should do so, and, since she could raise no insurmountable barrier to the going, that she should go as amiably as might be in her mother's train to Mr. Talbot's house. Her sole aversion to the scheme, indeed, was to be found in the fact of her distrust of Mrs. Sutton, and knowledge of Mrs. Sutton's dislike to herself. Mr. Talbot's hopes and fears, and doubts and sentiments generally, respecting her, were so many sealed books to this girl, who was genuinely indifferent to him. Had she not been this, there would have been another disquieting element added to her state of mind on the subject.

When once Blanche had made up her mind as to the inevitability, or at any rate the advisability, of a course, she never paused to question the superior propriety there would have been in pursuing any other. If the path she had taken proved more miry, and the briars and thorns by the wayside more prickly than she had foreseen, she did not pause to lament these facts, and to speculate on the superior advantages possibly possessed by the roads she had not followed. She only trod more carefully, and more untiringly pressed back the obstructions, without ever halting to bewail what might have been.

In this special instance she had to make up her mind without delay, being desirous of having some definite opinion of her own to advance when she met her mother in the morning. Fell experience had taught Blanche that any hopes of a calm and well-balanced discussion of a plan with Mrs. Lyon were built upon sand. Mrs. Lyon would fluently set forth long rolls of agreeable and extremely improbable possibilities —

would hopefully first suggest, and then assert, and then proceed to pre-empt a further train of fortunate events in the freshest manner. But the lightest hint to the effect that her eloquence, praiseworthy as it was in itself, had the slight drawback of being founded upon slippery and untenable grounds, was sufficient to change the joy strain into a dirge, the psalm that celebrated her hopes into a piteous protest against the fate that was always less bright than she had anticipated its being five minutes before; and the daughter, who was stoutly opposed to abiding alternately in a glittering palace of hope and a gloomy cavern of despair.

'It will be useless to talk it over with mamma,' Blanche Lyon thought; 'I shall never glean from her whether it will be well for me to fall in with her plans or to oppose them.' So, in default of another, she talked it over with herself, and came to the conclusion that, since she could propose nothing better, and since her objections to the plan were, after all, of a puerile, personal nature, that she would agree, and make the best of it.

It must be understood that Mrs. Lyon's knowledge of the world into which she had undertaken to introduce Beatrix Talbot was of the scantiest order; that her instincts were not those keen, bright ones which save their possessors from the thousand snares laid on all sides for them in social life; that she had never been known to do the best thing by intuition; and that all these facts were painfully patent to her child. Still Blanche felt that it behoved her to be passive, and she resolved that, as she had to bow to the inevitable, she would do it becomingly.

In her own inefficient way Mrs. Lyon had armed herself for a sort of contest by breakfast time, the morning after Blanche's return. She had

charged her memory with countless precedents that bore a pale resemblance to the case, and she had come to a comprehension of the propriety of keeping silence about her fondest, proudest hope in the affair. As in a glass, darkly, she saw that Edgar Talbot had that feeling which different women call by a different name for her daughter; and with greater clearness of vision she saw that, if her daughter suspected this, or even suspected that she (Mrs. Lyon) suspected it, the end would come quickly, and would be unsatisfactory to herself, and suicidal on Blanche's part.

At times it was given to this mother to have a mother's insight into her child's feelings, and this chanced to be one of these fine and rarely-occurring occasions. By reason of the little thought she gave to him, Blanche Lyon had no fear of being accused of 'following him up,' or of 'throwing herself in his way,' or, in fact, of doing any of the delicate tactics with the commission of which women are so apt to charge one another. The epidemic love had never shown itself in his case in any of the signs with which Blanche was familiar. He had been kind and considerate in a gentlemanly, distant way, that made no impression whatever on a girl whose father had theoretically impressed her with the belief that all men would be (or ought to be) these things to her, or to any other well-born beauty. And this truth got borne in upon Mrs. Lyon's mind some way or other, and was a very shield and buckler to her when the matter was mooted by Blanche, who, in accordance with her plan of putting the fairest face on what must be, asked—

'When are you thinking of going to Mr. Talbot's mamma?'

'Well, it will be very desirable to go there as soon as possible, Blanche,' Mrs. Lyon replied, with an important earnestness that would have been infinitely more amusing to Blanche if the lady who displayed it had not been her own mother. 'As soon as possible; for poor Miss Talbot is quite alone—no one to see after her. I shall not be able to reconcile it to my conscience to delay unnecessarily.'

Blanche checked a laugh, and hazarded a few guesses in the depths of her soul as to the present state of the one to whom Mrs. Lyon designed to play the part of guide, philosopher, and friend. 'I will be no hindrance to you, mamma. Tell me your arrangements, and I will fall in with them,' she said, quickly; and when she said that, Mrs. Lyon felt a little disappointed, in that she had put on such trusty armour for nothing, and proceeded to raise a little cloud of obstacles to a departure.

'It is utterly impossible that I can get away from here at a day's notice,' she began, in a gentle, injured tone. 'They are not like low lodgings—most respectable, and, I will say, most comfortable. I cannot leave them all in a hurry, as if I thought them—as if they were—as if I had—'

'Certainly not,' Blanche interrupted, as Mrs. Lyon floundered hopelessly into a labyrinth of the mistiest meanings—'certainly not. The longer we stay here the better, I think.'

'There it is,' Mrs. Lyon struck in, querulously; 'you're just like your father, Blanche—never satisfied with what I do, though I always try to do for the best.'

'Well, mother, shall I say that the sooner we go the better?' Blanche replied, good-temperedly.

'Ah! there you go from one extreme to the other,' Mrs. Lyon resumed, looking round at the walls and fire-irons, as if she would ask them to bear witness to the justice and truth of what she was saying, —'always wanting to do things in a hurry, without weighing the consequences—just like your poor dear father. "The sooner we go the better." It's easy to say that, Blanche—very easy to say it; but I have to think and consider—and reflect.'

Mrs. Lyon pronounced the last word as if it was something that differed widely from everything else which she had declared she had to do—pronounced it in a tone of suffering triumph, and at the same time with a conclusive air that might almost have been the offspring of deep thought and decided convic-

tion. Blanche was not deluded into supposing it to be this though, she knew it intimately. Mrs. Lyon presently went on—

'I have to think and consider and reflect, as I hope you will have learnt to do when you're my age. I am not going to have Mr. Talbot suppose that I am impatient to go there; and I am not going till I am perfectly prepared and can go there comfortably. You eat nothing, Blanche; what is the matter?'

'Nothing,' Blanche replied. The matter was, that she was doubting her own capability not only of being a passive witness 'of all this,' as she phrased it, but of seeing others see it too; doubting her own capability of suffering this, and determining that if Miss Talbot proved in the slightest degree to be like Mrs. Sutton she (Blanche) could not stand it.

A few days after this the test commenced. Mrs. and Miss Lyon at Mr. and Miss Talbot's earnest request took up their abode in Victoria Street, and now the interest of this story commences in the meeting of Blanche and Beatrix—the two women who were born to cross each other's paths, to pain and injure one another—to whose introduction to each other all that has been written has been but a preliminary strain.

Mrs. Sutton had blandly volunteered to come herself and to bring her husband and Lionel to spend the first evening, and obviate anything like awkwardness. She had made the offer to Beatrix in a sweet considerate way, that won Beatrix's immediate acceptance of it. Miss Talbot had her reward when the time arrived, and with it Mrs. Sutton, for Mr. Bathurst accompanied them, and Mr. Bathurst had in the course of a few meetings recommended himself largely to Trixy. The one drawback she permitted herself to feel to the pleasure of his society on this occasion was, that Edgar was palpably a touch less than pleased to see Frank Bathurst. Trixy would not permit herself to search for a reason for this almost imperceptible shade of difference; indeed, she resolutely looked away from it when

it obtruded itself upon her notice. Mrs. Sutton was less scrupulous.

'Let us hope that the kinship is a well-established fact, for they certainly seem more than kind to each other,' she whispered to Beatrix, while Frank Bathurst was pouring out a plaintive, low-toned reproach to Miss Lyon for not having replied to his advances towards a good understanding long ago. And Beatrix replied—

'And why should they not be more than kind, Marian? I know of no reason;' and ached to know that there was no reason, so far as she was herself concerned, and checked a little sigh at the speedy seeming defalcation of this man whom she had only known the other day, and tried to think 'what a well-matched pair they would be,' and could not heartily approve them nevertheless.

They were a very handsome, bright pair, a pair that took to each other joyously and suddenly, causing Mrs. Lyon to undergo most wonderful transitions of feeling as she marked them. Mr. Talbot became a mere nothing in her estimation, and Frank Bathurst stood revealed at once as the fitting and proper man, foredoomed by nature and old Mr. Lyon to marry her daughter. She almost deported herself haughtily to the Talbots under the influence of this conviction, and judiciously murmured her belief in its being a well-founded one into Trixy Talbot's ear.

So it came to pass that more than one heart ached and beat high and painfully beneath Edgar Talbot's roof that night, after they had separated on the agreement of all meeting at Frank Bathurst's studio the following day.

No attempt has been made to depict what were the prevailing sensations of Miss Talbot and Blanche Lyon on this their first meeting. The external aspect was fair and pleasant enough, for they were both gracious-mannered women, with a good deal of cultivation superadded to their innate refinement; and it would have jarred upon their tastes to show other than a very smooth social surface. But they did not conceive and instantly develop a



devoted attachment and enthusiastic admiration for one another. To a certain degree Beatrix Talbot was in the place of power, and the half-consciousness that she was this may have been the cause of the shade of restraint which made itself manifest in her demeanour two or three times—a shade which she strove to dispel quickly in her sunniest way, but which remained long enough for Mrs. Sutton to remark it, and to fathom the cause of it to a certain extent.

‘There is something very incongruous between Miss Lyon’s position and her cousin; to which do you think her best adapted?’ the married sister kindly asked Beatrix; and Beatrix replied—

‘I won’t indulge in vague speculations about her;’ and then immediately added, ‘there is something incongruous in Mr. Bathurst’s cousin being about in the world in this way; it must strike them both painfully.’

‘No, pleasantly rather; he is at once patronizing and adoring, lord and lover—King Cophetua on a small scale—and a gratified artist. Poor Trixy! your reign is over.’

‘It never commenced.’

‘Indeed it did, and was not altogether inglorious; traces of your rule are to be seen in his studio; he has sketched you in for his Venus, and I don’t think Miss Lyon will succeed you there, for he would have so much trouble in idealizing her nose into proper proportion that he would weary of that type sooner than of yours. We will ask Lionel what he thinks about it. Lionel!’

Lionel came at her call, and listened to her remarks, and then declared himself incapable of throwing any light on his friend’s final election either in the matter of Venus or anything else. In reply to Mrs. Sutton’s inquiry, ‘Should you say he is a marrying man, Lionel?’ Lionel answered, ‘No, indeed; any more than I should say that he is not a marrying man.’

‘Should you like him to marry Beatrix?’ She whispered this eagerly, cutting Beatrix out of the conversation by the low tone she used. Lionel’s reply was made in an equally low tone.

‘No, certainly not.’

‘Then you know something about him—something against him?’

‘About him, yes; against him, not a breath.’

‘If he does not marry Trixy he will that Miss Lyon, mark my words.’

Lionel turned his head and looked at the pair mentioned. ‘That would be better far,’ he said.

‘Why so? you do know something against him, Lionel.’

‘I only know that he has the germs of inconstancy in him; the latest thing is apt to be the best in his eyes. If the shadow of a change fell, Miss Lyon would either arrest it or be entirely uninfluenced by it. I am not so sure of Beatrix.’

‘Then you’ll all come to our studio to-morrow? Mr. Bathurst exclaimed, interrupting the conversation at this juncture by coming up to them. ‘Miss Lyon refuses to be considered an art enthusiast, but she is good enough to be interested in my works; what time will you come?’

‘Shall it be two?’ Mrs. Sutton suggested.

‘It shall be two, and it shall be luncheon,’ Mr. Bathurst replied. And then Blanche joined them, and recommenced the old game of self-assertion, which she had played down at the Grange against Mrs. Sutton, by saying—

‘Until I know whether or not the plan suits my mother, I can say nothing.’

‘Nor I, of course,’ Beatrix put in, hurriedly.

‘You can go with me,’ Mrs. Sutton said, with a well-marked emphasis on the ‘you,’ which completely excluded Blanche from the proposed arrangement.

‘Thanks; but Mrs. Lyon will order my goings now, Marian,’ Trixy replied, with a humility she would not have expressed if her sister had not offered a slight to Blanche. Then Mrs. Lyon rejoined them with some knitting which had been specially designed for this evening’s employment, towards which end it had been carefully put away in the most remote corner of her largest trunk. She was acqui-

escent and anxious to oblige every one on the plan being mooted to her, and then she was assailed by saddening doubts as to her being wanted. 'Young people liked being by themselves,' she observed; and then at once proceeded to qualify that statement by declaring that she 'should not think of letting Miss Talbot and Blanche go alone, not for a moment.'

'Then it is settled, mamma, we go at two?' Blanche said, hastily.

'If that hour suits Mr. Talbot and Mr. Bathurst.' Mrs. Lyon was painfully anxious to propitiate every one.

'That is all understood,' Blanche explained; and then they parted: Mrs. Sutton whispering to her sister, as she took leave, 'Your duenna is a delightful person; your position will be a touch less ridiculous than her daughter's—there is consolation in that.'

'Thanks for offering it,' Trixy replied, wearily. Then she had to give her hand to Mr. Bathurst.

'You will see to-morrow what cause I have to be grateful to you, Miss Talbot,' he said, as her great violet eyes met his rather reproachfully; and she could think of nothing more brilliant to reply than 'Shall I indeed?'

'Yes, indeed you will; and I owe you another debt: you are the cause of my knowing my cousin at last.'

'Ah! good night!' Trixy evidently wanted no verbal reward for this good deed; she turned away almost impatiently from his thanks to say 'good-bye' to her brother.

Presently, for the first time that evening, Miss Lyon found herself near to Lionel Talbot.

'May we see your picture, too?' she asked.

'I shall have great pleasure in showing it to you.'

She laughed and shook her head.

'No, no—neither pleasure, nor reluctance, nor any other active feeling. You won't care a bit what we think—and you will be so right.' She dropped her voice suddenly in uttering the last words; they fell upon his ears alone.

He felt that he could not conscientiously say that he should be very much interested as to what they

thought of his work; therefore he did not answer her for a few moments. During those few moments a slight transition took place in his mind respecting his interlocutor, and so he told her, honestly enough, that he should care for her opinion: 'and you will give it to me, and me alone, will you not?' he added, earnestly.

'So be it,' she said, lightly. 'I have given the same promise to my cousin. I should give the same promise to a dozen men, if they asked me—and probably break it.'

She looked up questioningly into his face as she put the probability before him.

'As far as I am concerned you will keep it?'

'I think I shall.'

'I know you will.'

'And you will not care whether I do or not. Praise or blame, it's all alike to you, Mr. Bathurst says.'

'And as a rule he is right,' Lionel replied, laughing; and Blanche felt for a moment that it would be pleasant to be the exceptionally regarded one.

## CHAPTER VIII.

'WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?'

Mr. Talbot had been feeling too profoundly dissatisfied with himself and the result of his schemes for his sister's social well-being, to take an active part in the drawing-room entertainment which has just been sketched. Absence really had made his heart grow fonder. The months that had elapsed since that time of their being together at the Grange had ripened his admiration for Blanche Lyon into love. From the moment he looked upon her again—seeing her there in his own house, sitting by his fireside as if she were at home—knowing that she would be there to say 'good morning' to him when he went out, that her welcoming word and smile would be a thing that might be his every night, when he came back wearied with the burden and heat of the day—the moment he saw her again and realized all this, he determined to win her if he could. No consideration of fortune should stay him. Ho

would just wait for some one of his many important ventures to come to a successful issue, and then he would marry Miss Lyon, if she would have him.

Six months ago he would not have inserted this clause in his mental declaration of intentions. But now the doubt sprang into strong and lusty being, and would not be banished as a mere creature of his disordered imagination. Six months ago he had very naturally thought of Miss Lyon as a girl living in deep and rarely broken seclusion, as an intellectual creature who would unavoidably contrast him favourably with other breakers of the same. Insensibly he had presumed on the position, and had brought all his energies to bear upon the solution of the problem of how he should gratify himself with her society, and at the same time keep himself free from all suspicion of having any intentions whatever. He had played his cards well; but he began to fear that he had played them for other people, when Frank Bathurst came in Mrs. Sutton's wake, and, on the unassailable plea of consanguinity, monopolized Blanche's attention—attention which she gave with a winning gladness that planted thorns in the pillow of the man who knew that his reputation as a grave business man had prevented his getting as near to her during long days spent together as this gay stranger had managed to get in an hour by aid of a certain calm audacity that sat upon him gracefully enough. He compelled himself to allow that it was natural, fitting, and well that Blanche should be fascinated from him by a man so much brighter than himself; yet, withal, he could not quite free her from the charge of ingratitude which his sore heart brought against her. It was grievous to him that his love should have been the direct cause of her meeting with her cousin. And now his love was nothing to her, and her cousin would be everything.

So he told himself as he sat sulkily behind a magazine watching them, and being injured by them in every tone they used and every glance they gave. In his jealous

injustice, he would neither be quite one of them, nor would he quite set himself apart from them. It was not the least painful prick that he got that night when he saw that they were unfeignedly blind to his being, or having cause to be, injured. It was almost a relief to him to blame Marian for having brought Mr. Bathurst to his house; a relief he sought to the full by censuring Mrs. Sutton to her husband, who did care for it, instead of to herself, who would not have done so. 'We have only Lionel's word for his being a decent fellow,' he said, severely, to Mark Sutton; 'and here is Marian taking him into the bosom of the family without hesitation. If I were you, I would check it.'

'He is related to the Lyons,' Mark Sutton said, by way of extenuating Marian's last offence.

'A relation they have shunned until now, when he is thrust upon them in my house by my sister. Marian will do as she likes as long as you'll let her; but I shall tell Lionel that I can have no Bohemians here while Beatrix is with me.'

'He has one of the finest properties in —shire,' Mr. Sutton replied. 'You can't shut him out on the score you have stated. Beatrix couldn't do better—and you want her to marry well.'

'Beatrix is much too sensible a girl to care for him.'

'Perhaps you don't think the same of Miss Lyon?' Mr. Sutton asked, laughingly; but Edgar Talbot only looked moody by way of a reply; so Mark deemed it prudent to turn the subject; and soon after they had all separated, as has been told.

It will easily be understood that the plan of visiting the studio was a specially obnoxious one to Edgar Talbot. He was strongly moved once or twice to set his face against Beatrix's going, and, by so doing, putting an end to the arrangement. But he remembered that if he did this it would be usurping some of the authority over his sister which he had formally vested in Mrs. Lyon. In his heart he called that lady a weak-minded, unreasoning, injudicious simpleton, for her

ready acceptance of the invitation; and the full force of his own transparent folly in having given her the reins came flooding in upon his mind. But for the time, at least, he was bound to pluck what he had planted, bitterly as it pricked him. The authority he had vested in a foolish woman must be upheld by him for his own credit's sake, until Blanche married him or marred him by marrying some one else. He was quite resolved now nothing but her own will should stand between them. So, out of consideration for his own reputation for consistency, Edgar Talbot placed no obstruction in their path to the studio the following day. Nevertheless they did not reach it until an hour after the appointed time, divers unforeseen accidents and events having occurred to delay them.

In the first place, Mrs. Lyon had been smitten with a sudden doubt as to the perfect propriety of taking two young girls to see two young men. Had she made known this doubt to Edgar Talbot he would only too gladly have strengthened it into a decision against the trip. But one of those faint instincts with which Mrs. Lyon was endowed in place of reasoning powers saved her from doing the very thing that would have been most pleasing to the man she desired to please, and most distasteful to her daughter. She argued, sagaciously enough, that if she seemed to distrust herself and her own force of discrimination, that Mr. Talbot would very probably go and do likewise. On the other hand, she told herself that 'two heads were better than one,' and Blanche's being the only available head for the service, Mrs. Lyon went and not exactly consulted her daughter, but grew conversational about the difficulty.

'One really hardly knows what to do, when there are so many to think about,' Mrs. Lyon commenced, going into Blanche's room just as that young lady had finished arraying herself for the expedition. It was half-past one, and within Miss Lyon's memory her mother had never achieved the easiest toilet in less than an hour.

Blanche looked round carelessly, and saw that Mrs. Lyon had not so much as untied her cap towards getting into her bonnet, also that she had a look of being what she herself termed 'flustered.'

'What is your difficulty, mother?'

'Why, I am not quite sure that I see the good of our going to Mr. Bathurst's house.'

'It is almost a pity that you did not say so before,' Blanche replied, quietly. 'Miss Talbot is in the drawing-room, dressed, and waiting for you.'

'There it is,' Mrs. Lyon answered, triumphantly, looking round appealingly at the corner of the room as if she were requesting it to take notice of the manifold obstacles that impeded her progress through the world—'there it is! one never can do what one feels one ought to do when one has to think for so many people.'

Blanche began moving some of the scent-bottles on the dressing-table. It was a habit of hers to give her hands abundant employment whenever Mrs. Lyon launched into the illustrative style of argument and spoke of herself as 'one.' She was always hard to follow on such occasions; she was specially hard to follow now.

'Don't let me add to your difficulties, mother,' Blanche said, patiently, after a few moments' pause. Her heart—no, but her fancy—was very much set upon this visit to the studio. Still the game was not worth the candle.

'I think you might let me speak of them, Blanche, without going off at a tangent in that way,' Mrs. Lyon used the tone of oppressed rectitude—a tone that is very hard to hear when the hearer knows very well that there is neither oppression nor rectitude in the case. The scent-bottles and one or two other trifles were moved with celerity now; and Blanche sought to check her rising anger by speculating as to whether she should ever seem a wearisome, unreasoning woman, and whether she should ever come to consider life insufficiently stocked with real trials, and so fall to the manufacture of sham ones for the stupefying

of herself, and the saddening of others.

While Blanche pondered on these possibilities Mrs. Lyon lapsed from the loftily injured into the familiarly curious tone.

'I was going to say when you went off at a tangent' (this last, as will be seen, was a favourite form of expression of the worthy lady's, who affected it partly because she had heard her mother use it, partly because it had always irritated her husband, and chiefly because she was hopelessly in the dark as to any meaning it might possibly have), 'I was going to say when you went off at a tangent in that way, Blanche, that I think Miss Talbot is a little too anxious to go and look at the pictures. Pictures, indeed! stuff and nonsense.'

'Rather premature to describe them so before you have seen them.'

'Which so? What?' Mrs. Lyon asked, lazily; and then, on Blanche curtly replying, 'The pictures,' Mrs. Lyon proceeded to set forth a lengthy statement as to how she had not meant them, and how if she had meant them, perhaps Blanche would find when she had arrived at her (Mrs. Lyon's) age that if she had done so it would not be anything so very foolish and ridiculous as she was sorry and grieved to see Blanche (like her poor dear father) chose to think everything that did not fall in with her views. When the act of accusation was read down to this point Mrs. Lyon grew a little out of breath; and Blanche (feeling very hopeless about reaching the studio now) gently protested that, as she had not given voice to any particular views, there was a shade of injustice in her mother saying that she (Blanche) was deriding that which did not meet them.

'But there, I suppose I must go,' Mrs. Lyon observed, irrelevantly, and with an air of martyrdom, when Blanche ceased speaking. The well-meaning but irritating-mannered woman was in reality pleased and feebly excited at the prospect of the little expedition, which partook of the nature of dissipation. She was pleased at the prospect;

she would have been disappointed with the keen, fresh disappointment of inexperience if the plan had come to nothing. Yet, withal, she could not refrain from doubting and demurring about it, in the hope of giving it additional importance.

'There! I suppose I must go,' she reiterated, as Blanche maintained the dead silence which is the sole safeguard such natures as hers have against domestic broils. Then Mrs. Lyon made a little business of untying her cap, and finally conveyed herself out of the room with almost a smile on her face, and with the proud conviction at her heart that she had deported herself as became the guiding star and responsible person of the Talbot household.

The girl she had left stood motionless for a few minutes, and then lifted her head suddenly, and looked at herself in the glass. 'What am I? morally or mentally wanting, that I let that sort of thing goad me into this,' she asked, as she gazed at her crimson cheeks and angry eyes; 'it's only a surface ill-humour, only a habit of querulousness, only the result of long years of anxiety, care, and disappointment on an originally mild, ductile nature; but it's detestable to me.'

The storm broke as she uttered the words 'detestable to me,' and she shivered from head to foot with the force of her own fury. For a minute she leant back against the bed-post, putting her hand up to the eyes that were blinded by the hot feeling which she would not suffer to well away in tears. There then came to her aid the reflection that this was a burden that must be borne; that it was in reality trifling ('I'd prefer a big woe, for all that,' she thought), and that, after all, other people endured worse things! So the crimson ebbed away from her cheeks, and the angry light faded from her eyes; and she was presently the brilliant, beautiful, light-hearted Miss Lyon once more, as she made her way to the drawing-room, inducting herself into a pair of silver grey gloves as she walked.

Miss Talbot was sitting there, bon-



netted and cloaked, trying to read, and betraying, in the nervous start she gave and tried to cover as Blanche entered, a hardly-subdued impatience, and a consciousness of its not being well to feel the same, that told its own tale to her sister-woman.

'I thought—I hoped it was Mrs. Lyon,' she began, putting her book down as she spoke; and Blanche saw—or fancied she saw, which comes to the same thing—that there was ever so little of the air of conscious superiority of place in the way Miss Talbot held her head up, and seemed to demand an explanation. For an instant she hesitated as to whether or not she should give it. Then—perhaps she sympathized with the impatience in some degree—she said—

'You must win your brother's forgiveness for mamma, Miss Talbot. The position is so new to her that she was overcome by a sense of her responsibility out of all sense of punctuality.'

Beatrix was softened. 'My brother, Edgar, would forgive her readily enough if Mrs. Lyon fought off going altogether, I believe,' she said, laughing. Then a half desire to make a half confidante arose, and was checked, and rose again, and finally was softly encouraged forth by Blanche.

'I didn't mean that brother. Does not Mr. Talbot—I mean I don't think Mr. Talbot cares much for art, does he?'

Beatrix shook her head. 'Not much. He said last night to me that he could exist till May without seeing the pictures, and should have thought I could do the same.'

'He does not care much for art or for artists, does he?' Blanche continued.

'Our own brother Lionel is one, you know,' Trixy said, as if it would have been the most natural thing in the world for Blanche to have forgotten that fact; though Lionel's picture was nominally one of the principal objects of the contemplated visit.

'Yes, I know,' Miss Lyon answered, hurriedly; 'but I thought—'

'Of course you could not think

of Lionel as such an artist as Mr. Bathurst, your cousin.' Trixy interrupted, in a tone that was meant to be apologetic for Lionel. Before Blanche could retort, 'I should think not,' Mrs. Lyon came in, and the two girls were saved from further misunderstanding—for the time.

Being already late for their appointment when they started, it was only in the order of things that they should be still more delayed on their way. Mrs. Lyon had a pet theory about short cuts. It was a theory that was not based upon measurement, or reason, or anything tangible, but upon the slightly illogical sentence that 'short cuts are often the longest.' So this day, when Miss Talbot gave Mr. Bathurst's address, and added, 'Through the Park and out at the Victoria Gate,' Mrs. Lyon interpolated, with considerable earnestness, 'I should say Park Lane.'

'Better through the Park,' Blanche said, quickly, settling herself back in her seat, and trying to catch Miss Talbot's eye, and telegraph something equivalent to 'Stand to your guns' to her. But the worthy intention was defeated; Miss Talbot looked at her chaperone and repeated, hesitatingly—

'Through Park Lane did, you say?'

'Yes, certainly, I should say.' Mrs. Lyon spoke affably, as became one who was victorious, and about the beneficial effects of whose victory there could be no sane doubt. Accordingly the order was given, and they drove through Park Lane, or rather did not drive through, but got into a block, and passed an uneventful twenty minutes in looking out through the carriage windows at one of Pickford's vans, which period of quiescence crushed Mrs. Lyon into an abject frame of mind, and rendered her specially alive to the vanity of all earthly joys and the transitory nature of all triumphs.

'Whenever one does anything for the best, one is sure to find that one had better have let things go their own way,' she remarked, by way of explanation, when at last they reached Mr. Bathurst's house, and the two young men came from the studio to meet them with laughing



reproaches for their being so late. And somehow or other both girls felt the explanation to be all-sufficient, and the block in Park Lane a factious trifle, and everything as pleasant as possible, and incapable of improvement.

She would have sought to banish or explain away the fact, if it had been put before her in so many words; but it was a fact that Blanche Lyon had a better feeling of equality with these people with whom she had been compelled to come and live in a dependent position when she and they were in the society of Frank Bathurst, her cousin. She was grateful to the good-tempered, good-looking, educated, rich gentleman for being her relation. Down at the Grange, where she had been as kindly, conscientiously, and considerately treated as any girl (or, at any rate, any girl who is a governess) can be, she had still been aware that she was so treated by an effort—a tiny and admirably concealed one, certainly, but still an effort. Blanche Lyon was a girl to the full as practical and sensible as she was proud and sensitive; and so, though she recognized this fact, she at the same time recognized the impossibility of its being other than it was. The woman who stands alone, with no apparent relations, whose friends may be legion, but are invisible, cannot, and cannot expect to be treated precisely in the same way as her well-surrounded compeers. It is inevitable that there should be little distinctions; and far more injustice is awarded (in print) to the employers than to the employed. The genus 'Governess' has been idealized by ill-usage, in fiction, into a very false position. The attempt has been made to teach thousands of young women, who would have accepted obscurity as their birthright had they remained in their fathers' homes, to gird against it as a great wrong when they find it their portions in the homes of people who reward them more or less liberally for educating their (the people's) children. Blanche Lyon was not one of this order. She was too keenly alive to the perfect propriety of the mighty system of give and take to

have ever weakly wished to be looked upon as other than she was, and was remunerated for being. Nevertheless, though she had never felt the situation of the past to be other than perfectly natural and becoming, she did feel the superiority of that of the present. It was pleasant to be known as the cousin of a man of considerable mark in the set in which, however good their will, she still must be regarded as not quite one of them. It was pleasant to have him gladly and gallantly putting forward the fact of this relationship as a thing of which he had to be proud. It was pleasanter to know that she was not regarded any more as an isolated being, but rather as the most important link in the great chain of events which had made Frank Bathurst what he was. The old talk with her father, held on the subject of old Mr. Lyon's offer, came back vividly to her mind as she came into the house of 'Bathurst's boy,' and knew him for the motive-power of that meeting.

She could but rejoice in him for being what he was, and (being herself) she could but rejoice and be glad in him openly. The position can readily be realized. She liked him for being what he was, and she liked him the better for being it partly through her agency. In her rash, impulsive, chivalrous, unadvised girlishness, she had rejected the prospect which Frank had realized. More of the old conversation floated back in scraps. She had said perhaps 'Bathurst's boy might take a fancy to her,' and her father had said that 'more improbable things occurred frequently.' But, though she remembered this, no hope of its being the case now brightened the sunshine which seemed to radiate from his presence, and warm her into closer relationship with him. It gladdened her to her soul's core that he should seem taken, dazzled, fond of her. He was too bright and bonnie for the bright bonnie woman who had unconsciously helped to shape his good fortune, not to be interested in his interest for her.

While as for him, he was a man with a quick eye for the beautiful, with a keen appreciation for the

sympathetic, with a catholicity of sentiment respecting the lovable, and, as Lionel Talbot had said, with the germs of inconstancy in him. He had had the habit of loving all that was lovely from his boyhood, and the habit had got him into more than one bitterly-lamented scrape. He was musical, poetical, artistic, æsthetic altogether. It was his fate to get very fond very often. It was his fancy to be touchingly gentle to every pair of beautiful eyes and soft hands that respectively brightened and smoothed his path. His affections were not very deep; on the contrary, they were shallow, but they were marvellously wide. His voice always took a tender tone, his eyes always had a loving look in them when he addressed a young and pretty woman. It was as natural to him that it should be so as that he should gather a rose with a careful hand, or ride a fine-mouthed horse with a light rein. He was no gay deceiver. His adoration was invariably thoroughly meant as long as it lasted. His sweet words never knew a false ring. His likings did not always die away when the object disappeared: they would lay in abeyance, and would be ready to spring up greenly again when the object returned. And, with all this fickleness about them, he still thought well of women, believed in them as in beings who were infinitely purer and better than himself. It was a great element in his love that it never turned to contempt. It waned and went to sleep, but it never woke up disgusted with that it had formerly delighted in; and this must be added in its favour, that hitherto it had never fallen upon unworthy objects.

These two young women, both beautiful, both well inclined to him, neither of whom he had known a month ago, were great sources of joy to him just now. He was not a man to make plans and lay schemes. He took things as they came, and brightened them generally by his own way of looking at them. But Trixy Talbot and Blanche Lyon needed no adventitious brightening; without it they dazzled him quite sufficiently.

It was hard to say which of the two young men was the master of the house, so each girl had the satisfaction of feeling that she was the guest of a brother or a cousin especially. There was a brief discussion—a good-humoured dissension as to which should be done honour to first, the pictures or the luncheon. The first place was given to the latter eventually; and Blanche sat next to Frank Bathurst, and was made much of by him, because she made it easy for him to make much of her, by being entirely unfettered in her own manners; and Trixy's sparkling wine might have been verjuice in consequence.

For it is a fact that Miss Talbot was very much in love with the one who acted so thoroughly up to the poet's advice to young men, 'Gather ye roses while ye may;' and I, as her historian, refuse to treat it as essential to the art which is placing her before you, that good and unassailable reasons for the love be given. They are not given in real life; they are not asked for. A shallow substitute for the 'reason why' is offered occasionally by well-meaning people, who like to explain natural laws without in the faintest degree comprehending their deep significance. When a marriage comes off, and all looks fair and smooth before the newly-united pair, excellent-sounding solutions of the mystery of their love are freely offered. They were born in the same county; or they both had a well-marked preference for the melodrama over the burlesque of life; or they both liked the same books, or parson, or made-dishes, or some other admirable reason for wedding. But no one ever stands forth as champion for the sufficiency of the causes which brought about the love between people who make each other miserable by falling away before marriage. The event is allowed to make all the difference; and that is wisdom and discretion if the ring be won, which is forward folly if it be not.

Therefore, for a while, Trixy Talbot must stand accused of the latter offence; for, without having any excellent reasons to give, she had

found Frank Bathurst's winning words and looks irresistible to the point of falling in love with him. Desperately in love—so desperately that all her sweet armour of self-possession and affected unconsciousness of his admiration failed her. She hung upon his accents in a way that made her seem absent and stupid; she thrilled to the touch of his hand in a way that made her afraid to resign hers to his clasp when others were by; she wearied for his words when he was silent, for his meaning when he spoke; she was vaguely jealous of every unknown woman upon whom his soft glances might have fallen in the past; she was painfully, pitifully alive to the fact of his having taken no greater trouble to make her these things than he took probably with every woman who pleased his taste. She was keenly conscious of having a formidable rival in Blanche, if Blanche chose to rival her; and how could Blanche 'but choose, with such cause for rivalry?' she asked herself, in her impassioned intimation. In fact, she was entirely in love, and so at a disadvantage. She felt sick under all the sudden alternations of unfounded hopes and despairs which assailed her, as Frank Bathurst was gallant and gay to herself or to his beautiful cousin. She shrank from the thought of the parting that would inevitably come when they had looked at the pictures and it would be time to go home to dinner. She was feverishly impatient for a new move to be made every moment. Her heart went up absurdly high when he bent down to lament her lack of appetite in low tones, coming round to the back of her chair to do it, and so seeming to make her comfort peculiarly his own. It (her heart) went down, equally without good cause, when he left her and returned to his place by Blanche; for Miss Lyon's hand was on the table, twirling a rose about, and the handsome young host put his own upon it gently, as he impressively offered his cousin something that she did not want. And Blanche, whose hand stayed steady under the touch, Blanche, whose brilliant

eyes met the very warmly admiring glance of his quite coolly, Blanche, who was so little affected by his low tones as to answer them in loud ones,—became, despite her beauty, a horrible object in poor Trixy Talbot's eyes—those sweet violet eyes that ached when Mr. Frank Bathurst used little seductive tones and airs and gestures in commending the claret to the new beauty, to whom it was meet and right and his bounden duty to show such homage, since she was his cousin.

Not that he was at all off with the comparatively old love whose figure he had sketched in for 'Venus' in the picture, the second subject from 'Tannhäuser,' which had rather put the first in the background. He liked being sweet to them both; he would have been amiably charmed by their both being sweet to him in return. He was gifted with such a mighty fund of fondness that he could not resist nourishing all the attractive recipients of the quality who came in his way. It came so easy to him to love, to be very much fascinated, and be just a little thrown out of gear, and even a little sleepless about more than one woman at a time, that he gave no thought to Miss Talbot being in the least uncomfortable, or having cause to be so. There had been soft pleasure to him in feeling sure that she had found it pleasant to have him standing by her chair, anxious to tend upon her, earnest in waiting on her. There had been equally soft pleasure to him in taking Blanche's small hand in his, when the occasion scarcely called for the act; in feeling how slender and smooth it was, and how delicate it looked resting there in his clasp; and, as he never denied himself any pleasure that might be his harmlessly, he took these, and enjoyed, and was grateful for them, like the sinless sensualist he was. And Trixy Talbot saw that he did the one and was the other, and still loved him desperately.

It has been brought as a reproach against modern fiction that a good deal of the action takes place at, and a good deal of the interest is made to centre in, the dinner-table.

In the face of this reproach, it must be declared that no sequestered sylvan glade, no moon-lighted cathedral cloisters, no whirling waltz, no number of village rambles with 'the object' in the cause of 'being good to the poor,' can ripen the sentiments which are the bricks and mortar of all novels more swiftly and surely than does the well-selected and carefully-furnished hospitable board. People are apt to get very near to each other's hearts and minds (when the guests and hosts are young, especially); all try to be at their best; and it stands to reason that men and women at their best are considerably more attractive to one another than at any other time. Flowers and wine, and wit and beauty,—and, in the present case, the unusualness of the thing,—ought to work, and do work. The little party I have been describing felt that, if they had known each other from childhood, they could not have known each other better, or liked each other more than they did under existing circumstances, when they rose at length to go and look at the pictures.

'By the way, I left my model when I came to meet you,' Frank Bathurst said to Miss Lyon, as, with her by his side, he led the way to his studio. Then he went on to tell her what a wonderful effect Lionel had succeeded in producing with the representation of waves alone. 'He's by way of being a genius: there's not a boat, or a gull, or a lighthouse, or anything but water on his canvas; and still you get pulled up before it.'

When he paid that tribute to his friend's talent, Blanche felt that there must be an immense deal in Frank Bathurst. She rendered up her hand to him with delightful readiness, as he offered to help her over the threshold, and then down the flight of steps which came between the back and front part of his studio; and she spoke out her admiration for his 'Battle of the Bards' with hearty eloquence when they paused before it.

'Now I want to show Miss Talbot something,' he exclaimed, impatiently, as he saw Beatrix walking

on with her brother; 'I hope that fellow won't point it out to her first.'

'Go and stop his doing so,' Blanche said, quickly. And Mr. Bathurst took her advice; and presently Lionel Talbot came and joined Miss Lyon, leaving his sister very happy by the act.

'There is a good deal of spirit in that,' Blanche said, waving her hand at large towards the huge canvas whereon 'Tannhäuser' was depicted, in the midst of a well-dressed mob, giving vent to the defiance—

'Grim bards of love who nothing know,  
Now ends the unequal fight between us;  
Dare as I dared! to Hörsel go,  
And taste love on the lips of Venna.'

'A great deal of spirit,' she repeated, feeling at the moment utterly unable to offer any other art criticism.

'Yes,' he replied, 'I wish Bathurst would work at it, instead of wasting his time on the other one.'

'What is the other one?'

'Come and see it.'

'No, no,' she said, as she glanced in the direction he would have taken, and saw her mother in mid-distance, and Miss Talbot and Mr. Bathurst further on: 'I want to see yours first.'

'Then come and look at it.' And he led her to the other end of the long studio; and they stood alone before the waves that had steeped his mind in admiration for their wild beauty long ago on the Cornish coast.

She stood in silence for awhile, not only averse to, but incapable now of offering an opinion, respecting the painting the more for his being the painter of it, and the painter the more for the painting being his. Letting her admiration for both react upon each other, in fact, with a subtlety that women often employ in like cases.

'What are you going to call it?' she asked, at length, abruptly.

'Frank Bathurst suggests as a motto for the Academy catalogue, "What are the wild waves saying?" do you like it?'

'Yes—were you alone when you got to love those waves?'





Drawn by W. Small.]

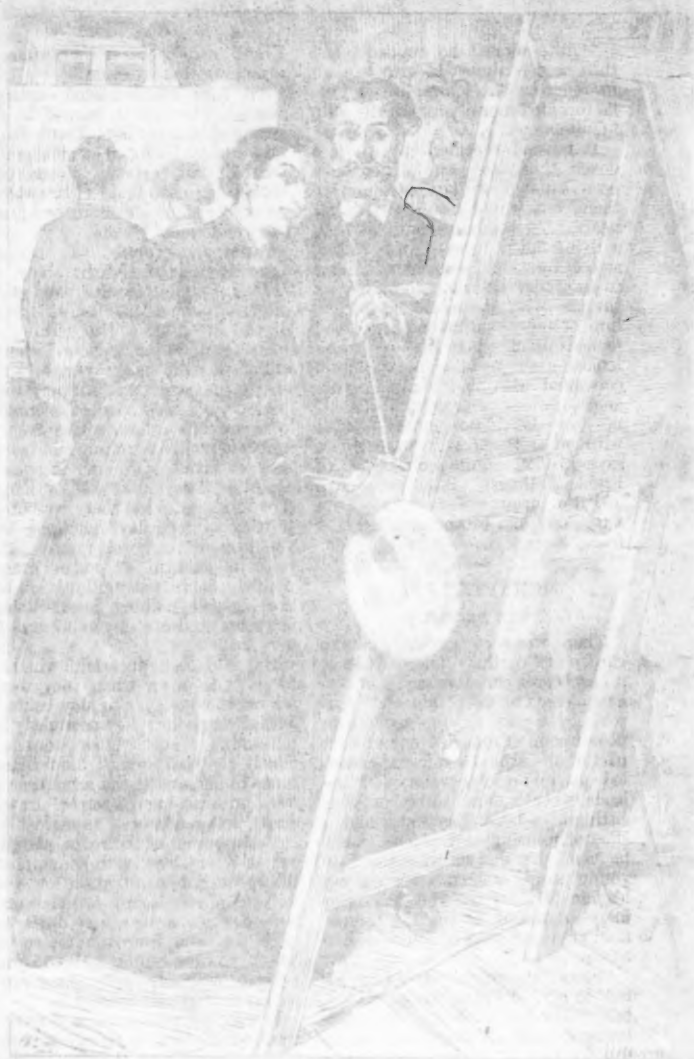
### "QUITE ALONE."

"If he had repeated the words a dozen times she would not have been satisfied with the sound of them."

[See "Playing for High Stakes."







Drawn by W. Reall.

# 'QUITE ALONE'

"If he had repeated the words a dozen times she would not have been astounded and shocked at  
 his conduct."  
 (See "The Art of the Novel" by George Bernard Shaw, 1908, p. 100.)

'Quite alone,' he replied; and then as she almost seemed to sigh in relief as she looked up at him, he repeated more emphatically still, 'Quite alone.'

If he had repeated the words a dozen times she would not have been satiated with the sound of them, but would have cried in her heart, 'That strain again? it hath a dying fall.' It was music to her, sweet, full, rich, sufficient. Music to her, that assurance he gave her that the wild waves said nothing to him of one whom he had loved and looked upon when he loved and looked upon them. She was quite contented with that implied assurance—quite charmed with the fitness of the motto—quite satisfied with what the 'wild waves were saying,' and quite oblivious of Frank Bathurst. Beatrix Talbot's impulse towards Lionel had been a true one; her brother was her best friend.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE DAPHNE.

There was a conservatory at the garden end of the studio. At least it had been a conservatory, but was now cleared of its plants and occupied by a dais for the models to pose upon. From one end of this part of the studio a spiral staircase led up to an observatory on the leads, where a delightful view, consisting of a bit of Bayswater and a slice of Kensington Gardens, could be had. Up this staircase the four young people walked after a time, leaving Mrs. Lyon (who had been more engrossed by the lay figures than anything else) to follow at her leisure.

'Story' the waves had 'none to tell' to her. 'Venus' on the mountain made her uncomfortable, and brought back all her doubts as to the wisdom of having come here; and the 'spirited' composition of the *Battle of the Bards* seemed to her simply a representation of an infernal orgie. But she took a calm pleasure in examining the magnified doll, and trying how its joints worked; thus innocently destroying some folds in the drapery which

Frank had spent a long time in arranging that morning.

'A nice room wasted—entirely wasted,' she said to herself, as she surveyed the studio. Frank Bathurst had been at considerable trouble and expense about this studio. He had first had two rooms on the ground floor thrown into one, and then he had put up a groined and vaulted oak ceiling, thus spoiling the rooms above it. It had a richly-coloured window at one end; pomegranate-hued curtains of soft sweeping velvet fell in full folds from ceiling to floor. It was enriched with oak carvings, with ebony brackets and bronzes; with perfect casts from perfect originals, with rare old glass, with a deeply-embossed shield resting on some sort of stand of metal in which Quintin Matsys had had a hand. The sunlight, what there was of it on that winter's day, fell upon the floor in broad rich masses; the shadows laid in unbroken grand depths; there was nothing alight, nothing pale, nothing puerile about the room, and Mrs. Lyon deemed it very dull.

She had been uncertain whether to go with them when they went up on the leads or to stay behind. While revolving the uncertainty in her mind, their voices sounded faintly in what seemed the far distance to her, and at the same time a tall, curiously-carved screen, drawn across in such a way as almost to cut off a corner of the room, caught her attention. So, with an emphatically-worded observation on the folly of people taking so many unnecessary steps to see so little as could be seen from the top of a house in Bayswater, Mrs. Lyon walked towards the screen, and proceeded to curiously inspect it.

It was an elaborate piece of workmanship, modern, perfectly artistic in proportion, and delicate in detail. Titania, Oberon, and Puck wreathing themselves and each other in fanciful garlands in the centre, and wood nymphs and satyrs doing nothing remarkable at the sides. 'A nicely-grained piece of wood spoilt!' Mrs. Lyon thought, as she put her hand upon it to see

whether the dimness came from dust or not (in order that she might do a good turn to the helpless gentlemen who owned it, by denouncing the dusty proclivities of their housemaid). She put her hand upon it; the screen turned easily on a swivel at the lightest touch, and it revolved, leaving the corner exposed. Mrs. Lyon uttered a little cry of mingled horror and virtuous satisfaction at having unearthed the cause of it, for there, in a large arm-chair, her head thrown back upon the 'velvet violet lining,' a pretty yellow-haired girl lay sleeping.

The girl and all the accessories were so pretty that most people would have been content to keep silence, and look on the scene as one of the fair sights in life which, perfect in themselves, may be suffered to pass by unquestioned. But Mrs. Lyon liked to grapple with difficulties that were not—loved to defend what was not assailed, delighted in putting things straight before they were crooked. 'I can scarcely believe my eyes,' she exclaimed, believing them thoroughly the while, and quite ready to do battle in the cause of their trustworthiness, should any one hint at optical delusion. 'I can scarcely believe my eyes; young woman, this is shameful!'

The girl, who had opened her eyes at the first sound, sat up at the last words and suppressed a yawn. She was dressed in a costume for which Mrs. Lyon had no precedent, though Frank Bathurst had given much thought and consideration to it; and on her bright yellow-haired head she had a little cap of black velvet, bordered with seed pearls. In fact, she was the model for the 'princess' for whose heart and hand the bards were singing; and she had fallen asleep after waiting a long time for Mr. Bathurst, and now she woke up, startled and rather cross.

'This is shameful,' Mrs. Lyon repeated; and the girl, thinking she was being rebuked for drowsiness, being indeed guiltless of every other offence, waxed petulant with the old lady who came instead of the smiling, handsome, agreeable gen-

tleman whom she (the model) had expected to see. She was a pretty girl, and her beauty was very much in favour that year; accordingly her time was fully occupied, and she was getting into the habit of giving herself little airs of conferring a favour when she kept an appointment. Moreover, she was a good deal admired in a certain dance in one of the pantomimes, for she joined the profession of ballet-girl to that of model. On the whole, it will readily be surmised that she was not likely to be meek under the reproach of Mrs. Lyon.

'Then he should have come back,' she retorted, on the supposition that she had been wanted and missed while she had been sleeping. And she pushed her bright yellow hair out of her eyes and glanced up defiantly, instead of being crushed to the ground, as Mrs. Lyon had half anticipated seeing her.

'He should have come back!' Mrs. Lyon repeated the words in sheer amazement at their audacity. 'He' was her remote relation, 'he' might be good enough to marry Blanche, if no awful discoveries were made; and this 'minx,' as she called the popular model in her wrath, dared to speak of him thus familiarly.

'It's too late for anything now, so I shall go,' the girl said, rising up and casting a glance towards the darkening shadows that were falling over the dais where she had sat a princess in the morning; then the stream of Mrs. Lyon's virtuous eloquence burst the banks of astonishment and indignation, and she poured forth a flood of words that were utterly incomprehensible, but at the same time intensely aggravating to the model.

'Too late! lost! lost! unhappy creature!'

'Oh! it's not of such consequence as that,' the girl interrupted, hastily tossing her head; then she added something relative to Mr. Bathurst missing her more than she should him—a statement which caused Mrs. Lyon to tremble and pronounce the word 'abandoned' under her breath.

As the girl leisurely put off the

jackel and tunic and velvet cap of royalty, and inducted herself into the bonnet and mantle of this period, Mrs. Lyon gazed at her, and made profound reflections to herself on the callousness which could be so unmoved under detection, and the frivolity which could attempt to disguise vice in fanciful splendour. Then she thought that it would be a good thing to remove this fair young rock on which he might split out of reach of temptation—at any rate out of reach of Mr. Frank Bathurst; and then she calculated the cost of the charitable act, and wondered whether she had money enough in her pocket to do it, before the young people came down from the roof of the house.

'If you would alter your mode of life I might assist you,' she began, drawing out her purse; and the girl, who was adjusting the bows of her bonnet-strings with great care before she went out, stared at Mrs. Lyon, as if that lady was beyond her comprehension, as indeed she was.

'Alter my mode of life? not on any account, thank you,' then she thought of her Terpsichorean triumphs, and determined to very much dazzle the old lady. 'Do you know who I am?' she asked; and Mrs. Lyon looking a horror-stricken negative at once, the girl went on glibly, 'I'm Miss Rosalie St. Clair, there—good morning,' and walked out, happily unconscious of the meaningless sound that name had for Mrs. Lyon.

The skirmish had been sharp, but brief. Mrs. Lyon had almost a feeling of triumph when she reflected on how quickly she had, as she thought, routed the fair invader. Now the danger had departed, she began to make many hazy but comforting conjectures respecting it. After all, it might not be Mr. Bathurst whom the girl had spoken of as 'he.' Mr. Lionel Talbot was very quiet; but—ah! it looked bad—very bad. She remembered now that he had eaten no luncheon. At this juncture she remembered that the girl had used Mr. Bathurst's name, which proved him the offender. 'I declare one had better be

in a lion's den at once,' she murmured, pathetically, 'and then one would know what one was about.' Then she fell to softly bewailing the combination of circumstances which had brought her into this difficulty, and wondered whether she had better tell Mr. Talbot about it, and wondered what Blanche would say *now* (Blanche being quite innocent of all former thought or speech on the subject), and 'hoped Miss Talbot would listen to advice another time' (not that any had been offered to poor Trixy), and was altogether hopeless and helpless, and overcome by a sense of responsibility.

'What could they be doing up on the leads all this time?' The leads, in Mrs. Lyon's imagination, was a place of gruesome horror, slippery, flat, with no parapet. She wished that she had gone up with them. She wished she had not let them go up at all. She wished that she could put old heads on young shoulders (this last wish not being weakened by the faintest doubt as to the great superiority of her own over every other head belonging to the party). She wished that they had all stayed at home, and that Mrs. Sutton had come with them, and a great many more totally irreconcilable things.

Meantime those on the house-top had been so happy, so entirely unconscious of the cark and care, the tumult and the strife that was raging at the foot of the spiral staircase. There was a glass erection on the leads—an eminent photographer had lived there before Mr. Bathurst took the house—and under this glass they stood about, and were happy.

Very happy, on the whole, all of them; though Beatrix Talbot went up and came down in her spirits in the sharp, sudden, unreasoning way that is specially symptomatic of the disease under which she laboured. The very manner and the very looks which won her more and more, which drew her nearer, and made Frank Bathurst dearer to her, became so many sources of irritation to Trixy Talbot. She had reached the stage when a vague feeling of the loved one being unjust is born. He had it in his power to make her so supremely happy—to exalt her,

she fondly believed, above all women—by telling her and all the world that he loved her, and he did not avail himself of it. She would have disavowed the feeling, had it been placed before her in the bald, cold words I have used. She would have disowned all connection with it, and probably have declared it to be unwomanly, forward, and vain; and she would have tried to believe that she meant what she professed, and taken herself sharply to task for venturing to love before 'the object' had asked for her formally in holy matrimony; and all the time would have gone on fretting and loving, and being happy and miserable, as it is, and has been, and ever shall be.

But though he had it in his power to make her supremely blessed, and did not seem at all likely to do it, she took the good the gods gave, and was grateful. It was something, in default of security of passing her life in the sun of his presence, to be warmed by his smiles; and he was no niggard of these, giving them lavishly when he was pleased—and he was always pleased when pretty women were by, especially if they liked him. Their beauty and his pleasure in it reacted upon each other. The better pleased they were with him the prettier they looked; and the prettier they looked the better pleased he was with them. It was a charmed circle, and Frank Bathurst delighted in drawing it closer and in strengthening it: and generally, in gathering his roses while he might—while they grew well within reach, where he could gather them easily—there was no charm in difficulty to him.

\* If she slight me when I woo,  
I will scorn and let her go.\*

he would carol gaily, on the smallest sign of coyness—it needed not to be 'coldness'—making itself manifest in the demeanour of the Cynthia of the minute. Indeed, now it was only Blanche Lyon's more openly-shown pleasure in his society that was swaying him slightly from Miss Talbot. According to his gay, bright, practical creed, life was too short to waste one hour of it in looking for anybody's hidden motives. The

frankly-expressed joy, the readily-vouchsafed sympathy, the open preference, were so many tributes to his vanity—and his vanity was great. It was so glancing and sunny that Blanche, who to a certain extent appreciated it already, saw in it nothing to resent or regret, and so fed it a little—'pandered to it,' Trixy Talbot termed it, in her anger; for Trixy felt the vanity would be a permanent rival to her—and still would not have had the smallest change made in the man who was vain. He was a genuine 'source of joy and woe' to Miss Talbot, but he was a source of joy pure and simple to Blanche Lyon, and she showed him that he was this; and so he took the turning that should eventually lead him into error.

Mrs. Sutton had been compelled to remain away, by reason of a very unforeseen and inopportune event, which will be duly chronicled. It was an event that caused her a good deal of savage sorrow, and the sole balm she could find for the wound was, that the 'affair would be a failure without her.' She felt quite convinced in her acute mind that Mrs. Lyon would, by some over-anxiety or misapprehension, mar the 'fair form of festal day;' and she was gently pleased thereat, after the fashion of Marian. If in fancy she could have seen the quartette upon the leads, the ground would have been very much out from under her feet.

It would be difficult to define the ingredients which went to the composition of their ecstatic satisfaction that day. It always is difficult to ascertain what makes people who are in love so superbly satisfied with each other; for they are rarely brilliant or at ease under the circumstances. But this difficulty does not do away with the fact of their being so.

Frank Bathurst, in reality the most thoughtless of the party, knew quite well why he liked it. Those two girls, with their lovely faces, good figures, and gracefully-falling draperies, alone would have been enough for him. But he had another source of pleasure. Lionel Talbot and he were attached to one another.



A good deal of boyish enthusiasm mingled itself with a good deal of genuine affection. Frank respected Lionel, valued his opinion, especially when it coincided with his (Frank's) own. They had the spirit of comradeship upon them strongly, and it pleased Frank that they should be together. When it happened so, Mr. Bathurst liked to have his taste for beauty and grace and fascination endorsed by his friend. When his friend could not endorse it, it must in honesty be added that Frank was perfectly resigned. But in this case it was palpable that their tastes matched; and Frank was not at all jealous, but magnanimous, as became him—gracious in calling Trixy's attention to the graceful bearing of the other pair leaning against one of the supports of the glass walls—nobly indifferent to the fact of Blanche lowering her voice to a tenderer tone when she addressed Lionel than Mr. Bathurst had ever heard her use to himself.

'Isn't it strange that we should all have come together. I was just going to ask you how you thought you would like my cousin, Miss Talbot—forgetting that she is my cousin, and that I mustn't express curiosity about her.'

'But you may—to me, at least; and I think I like her very very much,' Trixy replied, with a little more earnestness than she would have employed if she had thought so. "'Won by beauty"—we are all liable to be that, you know, Mr. Bathurst.'

'Yes—and she has beauty—marvellous beauty,' he answered, warming to his topic at once. 'Look at her hands—I think they're the sweetest little hands I ever saw.'

Trixy assented. Her own hands were equally pretty; but it was scarcely her place to call his attention to this fact.

'And her head!' he went on, animatedly. 'There is something wonderfully taking in the turn of her head—a way I never saw in any other woman. Do you notice it?'

He turned a questioning glance towards Trixy as he spoke. She had fixed her eyes steadfastly on the girl she believed to be her rival—

her lashes were levelled, not lowered—her brow was bent painfully, and her lips were a little more compressed than was usual. Altogether there was a look of sad, yearning interest in that love-fraught face that stirred some fibres in his heart. She was as beautiful as Blanche—quite as beautiful; and she had this brief advantage, that Blanche was engaged with some one else at the moment, and she (Trixy) was not. He felt all sorts of compliments to her on the spot, and longed to pay one without seeming abrupt.

His diffidence about it served him in good stead; for Trixy marked it, and felt it to be the most graceful one he could have paid her. 'Mrs. Lyon's patience will be exhausted,' she exclaimed, blushing a little. 'We are forgetting the time altogether. Will you ask Miss Lyon to come down?' As he moved to ask Miss Lyon 'to come down,' a bit of daphne he had worn in his coat fell to the ground. They all moved in close together. Blanche Lyon dropped her glove, and herself stooped to pick it up; and when Mr. Bathurst, the last of the party to descend, looked for it, the daphne was gone. The colour rose even to his brow, and he turned a careless ear to the sour tones with which Mrs. Lyon met her daughter, and indirectly reproached them all for having been so long.

Presently they separated, the ladies going back in bleak silence to Victoria Street, and the two men driving up to their club. Almost for the first time in his life Frank Bathurst was glad of the excuse his spirited horses gave him of concentrating his attention on them, to the neglect of Lionel Talbot, who sat by his side. He had never seen Lionel so completely resign himself to the charm of any woman's society as he had this day resigned himself to that of Miss Lyon. He (Frank Bathurst) had been void of all active feeling on the subject at the time—all feeling save that of pleasure at seeing his friend pleased. But now!—he had seen Blanche bend down for the fallen glove; and he rejoiced more in the loss of his Daphne than he had done in its possession.

## THE SUBLIME SOCIETY OF STEAKS.

A FEW months ago there appeared in a periodical work, accustomed to sensational flights, the strange assertion that no instance could be adduced of a beefsteak being eaten in perfection west of Temple Bar! The unlucky wight who threw off this vain boast could know little of the gastronomic topography of the metropolis, or his knowledge must have been a light rider, and easily shaken off; since, for more than a century and a quarter has there existed a Society in the classic region of Covent Garden, formed expressly for eating beefsteaks in perfection, this being the only dish of the repast; and punch the paramount accompaniment, with the occasional addition of port wine.

Clubs have been formed for objects much less worthy than cooking and eating beefsteaks. This was laid down with much humour and particularity by Professor Wilson, in the palmy days of 'Maga.' 'How many considerations,' says the oracle, 'are requisite to produce a good rump-steak! as the age, the country, and the pasture of the beef; the peculiar cut of the rump, at least the fifth from the commencement; the nature of the fire; the construction and elevation of the gridiron; the choice of shalot, perchance; the masterly precision of the oyster sauce, in which the liquid is duly flavoured with the fish. It were better if pepper and salt were interdicted from your broiling steak; and tongs only should be used in turning it. If left too long on the fire—the error of all bad cooks—the meat will be hard and juiceless. If sauce be used, it should be made hot before it is added to the gravy of the steak.' And here we are reminded that Cobbett, who was generally not a whit more choice in his meat than in his words (these, by the way, he sometimes ate), was very careful about the accompaniments to a steak. He grows indignant about old horse-radish, which eats more like little chips than like

a garden vegetable:—"So that at taverns and eating-houses, there frequently seems to be a rivalry on the point of toughness between the horse-radish and the beefsteak; and it would be well if this inconvenient rivalry never discovered itself anywhere else." Then, 'people who want to enjoy a steak should eat it with shalots and tarragon.' Cobbett adds: 'An orthodox clergyman once told me that he and six others once ate some beefsteaks with shalots and tarragon,' and that they 'unanimously voted that beefsteaks were never so eaten before.'

The earliest club with the name of 'Beefsteak' was formed in the reign of Queen Anne, when the science of cookery had made great strides. Dr. King, in his 'Art of Cookery,' humbly inscribed to the Beefsteak Club, 1709, has these lines:—

'He that of honour, wit, and mirth partakes,  
May be a fit companion o'er beefsteaks;  
His name may be to future times enrolled  
In Estcourt's book, whose gridiron's framed  
with gold.'

Estcourt, the actor, was made 'providore' of the club, and for a mark of distinction wore their badge, which was a small gridiron of gold, hung about his neck with a green silk ribbon. Chetwood, in his 'History of the Stage,' 1749, tells us: 'This club was composed of the chief wits and great men of the nation.' Dick Estcourt was beloved by Steele. Who that has read can ever forget Steele's introduction of this choice spirit, and the touching pathos of his last exit—embalmed in the pages of the 'Spectator?' Then, in No. 264, we find a letter from Sir Roger de Coverley, 'To Mr. Estcourt, at his House in Covent Garden,' addressing him as 'Old Comical One,' and acknowledging 'the hogsheads of neat port came safe,' and hoping next term to help fill Estcourt's Bumper 'with our people of the club.' The 'Bumper' was the tavern in Covent Garden, which Estcourt opened, when Parnell spoke of him thus:—

'Gay Bacchus liking Escourt's wine,  
A noble meal bespoke us ;  
And for the guests that were to dine  
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.'

Ned Ward, in his 'Secret History of Clubs,' 1709, describes the 'Beef-steaks,' which he coarsely contrasts with 'the refined wits of the Kit-Cat,' and thus addresses them:—

'Such strenuous lines, so cheering, soft, and sweet,

That daily flow from your conjunctive wit,  
Proclaim the power of Beef, that noble meat.  
Your tuneful songs such deep impression make,  
And of such awful, beauteous strength partake,  
Each stanza seems an ox, each line a steak,  
As if the rump in slices, broil'd or stew'd  
In its own gravy, till divinely good,  
Turn'd all to powerful wit as soon as chew'd.

• • • • •  
To grind thy gravy out their jaws employ,  
O'er heaps of reeking steaks express their joy,  
And sing of Beef as Homer did of Troy.'

A few years later was established 'The Sublime Society of Steaks,' who abhor the notion of being thought a club. The society was founded in 1735, by John Rich, the patentee of Covent Garden Theatre, to whose genius we owe the comic pantomime. He was accustomed to arrange the comic business and construct the models of his tricks in his private room at Covent Garden. Here resorted men of rank, who relished the wit which hangs about the stage, and Rich's colloquial oddities were much enjoyed. Thither came Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, the friend of Pope, and commemorated by Swift in the well-remembered lines commencing with,

'Mordanto fills the trump of fame,  
The Christian world his death proclaim,  
And prints are crowded with his name.  
In journeys he outrides the post,  
Sits up till midnight with his host,  
Talks politics, and gives the toast.'

He was then advanced in years, and one day stayed talking with Rich about his tricks and transformations, and listening to his agreeable gossip, until Rich's dinner-hour, two o'clock, had arrived. In all these colloquies with his visitors, whatever their rank, Rich never neglected his art. The earl was quite unconscious of the time, when he observed Rich spreading a cloth, then coaxing his fire into a clear,

cooking flame, and proceeding, with great gravity, to cook his own beef-steak on his own gridiron. The steak sent up a most inviting incense, and my lord could not resist Rich's invitation to partake of it. A further supply was sent for, and a bottle or two of wine from a neighbouring tavern prolonged the enjoyment to a late hour in the afternoon. But so delighted was the gay old peer with the entertainment, that, on going away, he proposed renewing it at the same hour and place, on the Saturday following. The earl then picked his way back to his coach, which was waiting in the street hard by. He was punctual to his engagement with Rich, and brought with him three or four friends, 'men of wit and pleasure about town;' and so truly festive was the meeting, that it was proposed a Saturday club should be held there whilst the town remained full; the bill of fare being restricted to beefsteaks, and the beverage to port wine and punch. It is also told that Lambert, many years principal scene-painter at Covent Garden Theatre, originated the club among the visitors to his painting-room, under similar circumstances to those under which Rich is said to have done. Possibly both patentee and scene-painter got up the Society. The members were afterwards accommodated with a special room in the theatre; and when it was rebuilt, the place of meeting was changed to the 'Shakespeare' tavern, where was the portrait of Lambert, painted by Hudson, Sir Joshua Reynolds's master.

In the 'Connoisseur,' June 6th, 1754, we read of the society 'composed of the most ingenious artists in the kingdom,' meeting 'every Saturday in a noble room at the top of Covent Garden Theatre'—the situation of the painting-room—and never suffering 'any diet except beefsteaks to appear. Here, indeed, are most glorious examples; but what, alas! are the weak endeavours of a few to oppose the daily inroads of fricassees and soup-maigres?' The apartment in the theatre appropriated to 'The Steaks' varied. Thus, we read of a painting-room

even with the stage over the kitchen, which was under part of the stage nearest Bow Street. At one period they dined in a small room over the passage of the theatre. The steaks were dressed in the same room, and when it was found too hot, a curtain was drawn between the company and the fire. Formerly the members wore a blue coat, with red collar and cuffs, and buttons with the initials 'B.S.'; and behind the president's chair was placed the Society's halbert, which, with the gridiron used from the formation of the Steaks, was found among the ruins after the Covent Garden fire. This gridiron is preserved in the ceiling of the room wherein the Society now dine.

Among the celebrities who came early to 'The Steaks,' were Hogarth and his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, stimulated by their love of the painter's art, and the equally potent charm of conviviality. Churchill was introduced by his friend Wilkes, to whom he writes on one occasion: 'Your friends at the Beefsteak inquired after you last Saturday with the greatest zeal, and it gave me no small pleasure that I was the person of whom the inquiry was made.' Charles Price was a member, and it is related that he and Churchill, with their wit, often kept the table in a roar. Mr. Justice Welsh was frequently chairman at the beefsteak dinners; and Mrs. Nollekens, his daughter, acknowledged that she often dressed his hat for the visit, trimmed with ribbons similar to those worn by the Yeomen of the Guard. The Justice was a loyal man, but discontinued his membership when Wilkes joined the Society, though Wilkes was the man at 'The Steaks.'

To 'The Steaks' Wilkes sent a copy of his infamous 'Essay on Woman,' first printed for private circulation; for which Lord Sandwich (Jemmy Twitcher) himself a member of the Society, moved in the House of Lords that Wilkes should be taken into custody. Horace Walpole writes in the same year, 1763: 'The wicked affirm that very lately at a club [The Steaks] held at the top of the

playhouse in Drury Lane, Lord Sandwich talked so profanely that he drove two harlequins out of company.' The grossness and blasphemy of the 'Essay' disgusted 'The Steaks,' by whom Lord Sandwich was expelled; and Wilkes never dined there after 1763; yet when he went to France they hypocritically made him an honorary member.

Garrick was not fond of club-life, but he was an honoured member of 'The Steaks,' and they possess among their relics the hat and sword which David wore, probably on the night when he stayed too long after dinner, and had to play 'Ranger' at Drury Lane. The pit grew restless; the gallery bawled, 'Manager! manager!' Garrick had been sent for to 'The Steaks,' at Covent Garden. Carriages blocked up Russell Street, and he had to thread his way between them. As he came panting into the theatre, 'I think,' said Ford, one of the anxious patentees, 'considering the stake you and I have in this house, you might pay more attention to the business.' 'True, my good friend,' returned Garrick, 'but I was thinking of my steak in the other house.'

At 'The Steaks' Garrick was reconciled to Colman, to which the following note refers:

'MY DEAR COLMAN,

'Becket has been with me, and tells me of your friendly intentions towards me. I should have been beforehand with you, had I not been ill with the beefsteaks and arrack punch last Saturday, and was obliged to leave the play-house.

"He that parts us shall bring a brand from Heaven."

'And fire us hence."

'Ever yours, old and new friend,  
'D. GARRICK.'

At 'The Steaks' one night Garrick was boasting of his regularity in ticketing and labelling plays sent to him for acceptance for performance; when Murphy said across the table, 'A fig for your hypocrisy; you know, Davy, you mislaid my tragedy two months ago, and I make no doubt you have lost it.'

'Yes,' replied Garrick; 'but you forget, you ungrateful dog, that I offered you more than its value; for you might have had two manuscript farces in its stead.' This is the right paternity of an anecdote often told of Sheridan and other parties.

Jack Richards was never absent from 'The Steaks,' unless arrested by the 'fell sergeant,' gout. He was recorder, and had to pass sentence upon those who had offended against the rules and observances of the Society; when he put on Garrick's hat, and inflicted a long wordy harangue upon the culprit; nor was it possible to see when he meant to stop. He was a most exuberant talker; but would as soon adulterate his glass of port wine with water, as dash his talk with an ungenerous remark.

Mrs. Sheridan's brother, William Linley, often charmed the Society with his pure, simple, English song, to a melody of Arne's, or Jackson's of Exeter, or a simple air of his father's. He had written a novel in three volumes, which was so schooled by 'The Steaks' that he wrote no more. A member brought a volume of the work in his pocket, and read a passage from it aloud. Yet Linley never betrayed the irritable sulkiness of a wounded author, but bore with good humour the pleasantries that played around him, and used to exclaim—

'This is no flattery; these are the counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'

Dick Wilson, whose complexion had for many years been crimsoning over the port wine of the Society, was a solicitor, and long dignified as Lord Eldon's 'port-wine loving secretary.' He stood the fire of 'The Steaks' with good humour. Another good-natured butt was Old Walsh, the 'Gentle Shepherd.' Rowland Stephenson, the banker, was another 'Beefsteaker,' as was William Joseph Denison, who sat many years in Parliament for Surrey, and died a millionaire. He was a man of cultivated tastes: we remember his lyrics in the 'Keepsake' annual.

The golden period of the Society is generally considered to be that when Bubb Dodington, Aaron Hill,

Hoadley (who wrote 'The Suspicious Husband'), Leonidas Glover, Bonnell Thornton, and Tickell were members. John Beard, the rich tenor, who sang in Handel's operas, was President of the Club in 1784. In 1785, when the Society had been instituted just fifty years, the Prince of Wales was admitted: there was no vacancy, but the number of members was increased from twenty-four to twenty-five. The Dukes of Clarence and Sussex were also of 'The Steaks': these princes were both much attached to the theatre—the former to one of its brightest ornaments, Dorothy Jordan.

Charles, Duke of Norfolk, was another celebrity of 'The Steaks,' and frequently met here the Prince of Wales. The Duke was a great gourmand, and used to eat his dish of fish at a neighbouring tavern, and then join 'The Steaks.' The Duke took the chair when the cloth was removed: it was a place of dignity, elevated some steps above the table, and decorated with the insignia of the Society. For the dinner, as the clock struck five, a curtain drew up, discovering the kitchen, in which the cooks were seen at work, through a sort of grating, with this inscription from Macbeth—

'If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were quickly done.'

His Grace of Norfolk would eat two or three steaks, fragrant from the gridiron; and when his labours were thought to be over, he might sometimes be seen rubbing a clean plate with a shalot, for the reception of another steak. The Duke was an enormous eater; he would often consume three or four pounds of steak, and after that take a Spanish onion and beetroot, chop them together, and eat them with oil and vinegar. After dinner he was ceremoniously ushered to the chair, and invested with an orange-coloured ribbon, to which a small silver gridiron was attached. At the sale of curiosities belonging to Mr. Harley, the comedian, in Gower Street, in November, 1853, a silver gridiron, which had been worn by

a member of 'The Steaks,' was sold for 17. 3s.\*

In the chair the Duke of Norfolk comported himself with urbanity and good humour. Usually the President was the target at which the jests were fired, but moderately; for though a characteristic equality reigned at 'The Steaks,' the influence of rank and station were felt there. The Duke's conversation occasionally showed evidence of extensive reading, which was rarely impaired by the sturdy wine of the Society. Captain Morris, the laureate-lyrist of 'The Steaks,' usually sang one or two of his own songs. At nine o'clock the Duke quitted the chair, and was succeeded by Sir John Hippisley, who had a terrible time of it: no one spared him—even new members made their first essays upon the Baronet, than whom no man was more prompt to attack others. He quitted the Society in consequence of an odd adventure which really happened to him, and which being related by one of 'The Steaks' with malicious fidelity, raised such a shout of laughter at the Baronet's expense that he could no longer stand it.

John Kemble was one of 'The Steaks' celebrities, and upon familiar terms with his Grace of Norfolk. One evening at Norfolk House, Captain Morris having left the table early, for the lyrist kept better hours than his ducal friend, it grew late, when Kemble ventured to suggest to the Duke some significant hints as to the improvement of Morris's fortune. His Grace grew generous over his wine, and promised: the realization came, and Morris lived to the age of ninety-three to enjoy it.

It has been remarked of 'The Steaks,' that there must have been originally a wise and simple code of laws, which could have held them together for so lengthened a period. Yet they have had, during the past sixty years, a migratory time of it. Covent Garden Theatre, in which

the first steak was broiled, was destroyed by fire in 1808; the first gridiron, which had long been enshrined as one of the *Penates* of the club, was saved; but the valuable stock of wine shared the fate of the building, and the archives of the Society perished. Herein it was customary to set down the good things said at 'The Steaks,' and register the names of the early members. After the fire at Covent Garden the 'Sublime Society' was re-established at the Bedford Hotel, until Mr. Arnold had fitted up apartments for their reception at the English Opera House. Here they continued to meet until the destruction of that theatre by fire, in 1830. Thus, twice burnt out, they returned to the Bedford; and their old friend Mr. Arnold, in rebuilding his theatre, the Lyceum, had a dining-room provided for them of a very characteristic order. Mr. Cunningham has appropriately termed it 'a little Escorial in itself.' The doors, wainscoting, and roof, of good old English oak, are studded with gridirons, as thick as Henry VII.'s Chapel with the portcullis of the founder. Everything assumes the shape, or is distinguished by the representation, of the emblematic implement—the gridiron. The cook is seen at his office through the bars of a spacious gridiron, and the original gridiron of the Society (the survivor of two terrific fires), holds a conspicuous position in the centre of the ceiling.

The portraits of several worthies of the 'Sublime Society' have been painted. One brother hangs 'in chains,' as Arnold remarked, in allusion to the civic chain which he wears. His robe draw from Lord Brougham, one of 'The Steaks,' on being asked if the portrait was a likeness, the remark, that it could not fail of being like him, 'there was so much of the *fur* (thief) about him.'

We have spoken of the brotherhood equality of the Society, and may as well note that the junior member has a duty accordant with his station. Thus the noble and learned lord, whom we have just mentioned, has been seen emerging

\* *Club Life of London*, vol. i. p. 142; to which work acknowledgment is due for certain of the anecdotes related in the present paper.



from the cellar with half-a-dozen bottles in a basket! And the Duke of Leinster, who is now the president of the Society, has, in his turn, taken the same duty. Morris continued to be the laureate of 'The Steaks' (the other day he was irreverently called a poet 'by courtesy') until the year 1831, when he bade adieu to the Society. He was then in his eighty-sixth year.

Morris revisited the Society in 1835, when he was presented with a large silver bowl, affectionately inscribed. He then addressed the brotherhood. There was still another effusion on the treasured gift:—

'And call to my Muse, when care strives to  
perjure,

"Bring the Steaks to my memory, the Bowl  
to my view,"'

Morris was staid and grave in his general deportment. There is, in the collection in Evans's Music-room in Covent Garden, a portrait of the bard—a poor performance, but a likeness. A better portrait, from the family picture, is engraved as a frontispiece to 'Club Life of London.' Moore, in his Diary, tells us of Colman being at 'The Steaks,' 'quite drunk,' making extraordinary noise when Morris was singing, which much disconcerted the bard. Yet he could unbend. We remember to have heard him strike a pianoforte at a music-seller's, and sing, 'The Girl I left behind Me:' he was then past his eightieth year. Curran said to him one day, 'Die when you will, Charles, you will die in your youth.'

Morris's ancient and rightful office at 'The Steaks' was to make the punch. One of the members describes him at his laboratory at the sideboard, stocked with the various ingredients. 'Then smacking an elementary glass or two, and

giving a significant nod, the fiat of its excellence; and what could exceed the ecstasy with which he filled the glasses that thronged round the bowl, joying over its mantling beauties, and distributing the fascinating draught—

"That flames and dances in its crystal bound."

Morris's allegiance to 'The Steaks' was undivided. Neither hail, nor rain, nor snow-storm kept him away; no engagement, no invitation, seduced him from it. He might be seen 'outwatching the bear' in his seventy-eighth year, when nature had given no signal of decay in frame or faculty.

'The Steaks' partake of a five o'clock dinner every Saturday, from November till the end of June. The Society consists of noblemen and gentlemen, twenty-four in number; every member has the power of inviting a friend.

With the enumeration of a few memorials, we conclude. Formerly the gridiron was a more prominent emblem of 'The Steaks' than at present. The table-cloths had gridirons in damask on them; the drinking-glasses were engraved with gridirons, as were the plates; just as the orchestra decorated the plates at Vauxhall Gardens.

Among the presents made to the Society are a punch-ladle from Barrington Bradshaw; six spoons from Sir John Boyd; a mustard-pot from John Trevanion, M.P.; two dozen water-plates and eight dishes, given by the Duke of Sussex; cruet-stand, given by W. Bolland; vinegar-cruets, by Thomas Scott; Lord Suffolk has given a silver cheese-toaster—toasted or stewed cheese being the wind-up of 'The Steaks' dinner.\*

\* 'Club Life of London,' vol. i. p. 149. 1866.

## CASTLES IN THE AIR.

YOUTH, build thy castles in the air—  
 Live—and you'll find, as I have found,  
 The ruins of those structures fair,  
 Heaps of cold ashes on the ground,  
 To scatter to the evening air,  
 Or—on the sackcloth of despair.

W.



YOUNG ENGLAND.

Mary, 'HERE WE ARE, TEDDY.'  
 Teddy, 'ALL RIGHT, I SHALL BE CLOSE BY—IN THE SMOKING CARRIAGE.'





Drawn by J. A. Pasquier.]

# LILY'S LOSS.

[See the Story.]